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## BOUNCERS.

ONE of the most widely diffused of all the varieties or species of the genus *homo*, is that of the BOUNCERS. The Dictionary definition of a bouncer is—"a boaster, a bully, an empty threatener—a liar." This corresponds, in some measure, with the popular notion of a bouncer; and accordingly, in vulgar and cant phrase, "to bounce" is simply "to lie." But such a definition only takes cognizance of the lowest and coarsest kind of bouncers, and leaves out of consideration a large and finely diversified family, which, like that of the antelopes, is composed of an almost endless and oftentimes graceful variety. This family occupy that great space in the kingdom of imagination which lies between aerial castle-building and broad, glaring, naked, vulgar falsehood. The castle-builder is quite an ethereal creature; he imposes on nobody but himself; like Alexander Selkirk, he can look round, and say, "I am monarch of all I survey." Not so the bouncer. He is the connecting link between the real and unreal worlds, and could not live in solitude. He walks to and fro between imagination and fact, and acts as a sort of man-milliner to truth; he cannot understand that beauty when unadorned is adorned the most, but is busily employed all day long in clothing the naked and gilding gold. He is a gold-beater also, and a wire-drawer; manufactures a large quantity of Britannia-metal; and can often make

"and clas look amaisl as weel's the new."

When Wordsworth exclaimed—"Oh, many are the poets that are sown by nature," he doubtless was alluding to the bouncers. Poetry is simply real or common life, elevated, adorned, magnified; and to do this is the peculiar vocation of the bouncers. Their motto is the same as that of the poets—

"Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

Therefore, feeling the dignity of their calling, they devote themselves to it; the most trifling action of life—that is, of their own lives—becomes hallowed in their hands, or rather mouths; they glorify humanity! We speak not now of the vulgar tribe of bouncers, who are satisfied with silver spangle and coarse embroidery—dull-minded tabbies, who can rise no higher than barouche friends, rich uncles and aunts, medical man keeping his own carriage, gold watches, fine dresses, &c. No, it is of the higher class of bouncers that we speak—fine geniuses, who can "create a soul under the ribs of death," and have a near affinity of relationship to the pure aerial castle-builder. They scorn to let their human nature sink into a mere literal matter-of-factism. Oh! with what unction one of them will tell you that he was part of a deputation to meet the prime minister or the chancellor of the exchequer; or that he is going to make a speech at a public dinner; or had the honour of a call from the Bishop of London. A glow is diffused over his face—his voice is softened down into a rich mixture of humility and pride—the bouncer feels himself indeed a man!

There is a great variety of the bouncers. There are rattling

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bouncers, grave bouncers, stupid bouncers, motive-wanting bouncers, and bouncers on purpose. The TRADE BOUNCER is the most common of them all, and is as widely-diffused as the grey rat. Buying and selling are equivalent expressions for the existence of human beings, and therefore the trade-bouncer is as universal as humanity itself. Solomon appears to have been aware of the existence of "bulls" and "bears" in his time; the one trying to toss up, and the other to trample down. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he goeth his way, then he boasteth." To be sure he does;—he has made a good bargain by depreciating the quality, and then he brags of it. No wonder, therefore, that it is difficult to make a bargain with a Jew old clothesman; for this trick of depreciation and exaltation has been in the nation for two thousand years, and appears to have run in the blood, like wooden legs.

But we scorn to take any notice of the vulgar kind of trade-bouncers, whose motto is—neither cheat nor be cheated, but rather cheat. To this class belong Jew brokers, common-place impudent quacks, touters at auction-sales, and all the herd who do not scruple at a downright lie to earn a paltry penny. It is a shame to class them with the true trade-bouncers, who would not lie for the mere sake of lying, and who have, moreover, a considerable tincture of imagination, which is essential to genuine bouncing. The true trade-bouncer is quite a superior animal to the cheating bouncer. He has a peculiar call, which, like the cry of the infant all over the world, is always pitched on the same note. He has also a fine under-tone, which he uses at times with considerable effect. When the trade-bouncer is in the humour to use his call, you have but to ask him how business is getting on, and you will get a hearty stirring answer. He is either doing a fine stroke of business; or he does not know what hand to turn to next; or he got an extensive order last week, and another yesterday; or, at the very least, he is getting on "pretty fair, pretty fair." But when disposed to speak in his under-tone, nothing can be finer than the manner in which he uses it. In particular, if he suspects that you have a long-standing account at half-cock in your pocket, ready to be thrust in his face, he shakes his head, and runs through a gamut of—"little doing—trade very slack—heavy expenses—bad debts—and really will give up, and retire from business, unless things take a turn." Then, as if struck by some sudden recollection, he exclaims—"Bless my heart! I have an important appointment for half-past one, and it is just on the time—I had almost forgotten it—good morning, sir!" It is curious, too, to remark how the trade-bouncer can use his call and his under-tone in the same breath. He talks of unlimited credit at the bank; has a friend who will discount for him to any amount; and has several shares in a railroad, a cemetery, and a joint-stock bank. But if you venture to ask a small favour, such as to cash a bill for you, the call is instantly balanced by the under-tone. "Oh! really, now I am so sorry; not ten minutes ago a friend called in—a man, in fact, whom I care very little about,—who asked me to do a similar favour for him, and I gave him all my spare cash: besides, I have a very heavy bill to meet

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to-morrow, and at this particular moment happen to be rather poor—it is unfortunate, but at any other time I should be happy to oblige you.” If any particular article of consumption is under discussion, the trade-bouncer is sure to let you know that he deals more extensively in it than any other person in the same locality with himself; but if you are a traveller, and ask him for an order, the under-tone is in instant requisition. “Singular, at this particular juncture happen to have rather a larger stock than usual—but, if you are passing this way in your next journey, just give me a look in, and I will see what I can do for you.” Or if the trade-bouncer is a traveller himself, he tells of the number of towns he has raced through in a week, of the budget of orders he has got, and the extensive connexion he has formed. But it would lead us beyond our present purpose to talk more at large about trade-bouncing. It is more than an art—it is a science, and is applied quite in a scientific manner, for the attainment of particular ends.

We once spent an evening, in a quiet domestic way, with a bouncing family. They had no reasonable pretension to be considered anything more than decent, respectable folks, who were tolerably well to do. But the father, over his bottle of sherry, talked of his fatigues, his anxieties, his responsibilities, and, by inference, of his importance;—he had just seen the lord mayor that day on some corporation business, and really it was a great trouble to him to neglect his business for matters of that kind; he was not very well either, and he wished to go down to Bedfordshire for a few days, but found he could not be spared; it was so hard that he could not trust his business to anybody! Then the mother had her story about her daughters, and their expectations, and her sons, and their prospects; how they were all provided for, in case father died; and how they were at Hyde Park, and saw the last review, and were going to Brighton in a few days. The daughters had a great deal of talk about balls, dresses, beaux, and bows from young Lord Firkin; and the sons were prodigious judges of horse-flesh, made heavy bets at Epsom and Doncaster, and were quite intimate with several members of parliament. Two-thirds of the talk was composed of pure, unsophisticated bouncing; and yet all the members of the family kept each other in countenance with the greatest coolness in the world. A little child was introduced, in its night-clothes, to kiss all round, and receive evening compliments; and the manner in which it held its rattle in its hand showed that it also was a bit of a bouncer. A noise was heard at the door, and in rushed a blubbing boy, who ran up to his mother, and seemed to be making an effort to get into a faint or a fit in her arms. She could only elicit, from incoherent expressions, that some companion had attacked and ill-used him. “Why did you not stand up in your own defence?” asked one of his brothers. Straightway the spirit of bounce came over the youth. Bursting from his mother’s arms, he exclaimed, “Oh, didn’t I give it to him! didn’t I give it to him, father! he’ll never look *me* in the face again—I can tell you that much!” He then proceeded to relate his exploits in a style which made even his bouncing family to desire him to hold his tongue.

The patronising bouncer is a great bore. He is continually volunteering his kind offices in your behalf; has such a large circle of friends, and has such powerful influence; could put you, at a day’s notice, into a snug clerkship in Downing-street or the Custom House; and if you know of any poor widow who wants to get her son into the Blue-coat School, you have but to apply to him, and he will get it done for you. The worst of it is, that when you press him for a share of all this favour and influence, it always happens that his most particular friend, the Duke of Wellington, is out of town; or, at that precise moment, he has

just been using all his “interest” to effect a certain purpose, and therefore it would be of no use to try for you; but if at any other time you would just point out anything in which his services would be of the slightest avail, you may certainly “command” him, &c. &c. &c. &c.

The aspiring young lady bouncer is also another bore. We have one at this moment in our mind’s eye; a sensible girl, intelligent, sharp, and decided in her general conduct. But though her birth and station do not give her the slightest warrant to enter what is called the fashionable world, it is astonishing how familiar she is with duchesses, dowagers, and countesses, and how often she has danced with baronets, barons, and even marquises and dukes. She is somewhat literary, too, in her tastes, and though not quite a *blue-stocking*, may be termed an accomplished amateur. In fact, if we are to take her testimony, she has been presented at Court, has been introduced at Almack’s, has a box at the Opera, has attended lectures at the Royal Institution, was at a private view of the Royal Academy exhibition, kept a stand at a fancy fair, next to the Marchioness of Fairymount, and is quite one of the observed. Poor girl! she does not tell direct falsehoods; there is always a slight foundation of truth on which her airy superstructures rest; but she has got such a florid taste—has such a fancy for the pointed style—that one cannot distinguish the building, owing to the profusion of ornament with which it is encumbered, or, as a bouncer might say, adorned.

As a “parallel passage” to our fair friend, we can produce a handsome young man, one of the best male bouncers we know. He always carries a pocket telescope and a microscope, and whenever he meets his friends he treats them to a view. Look at him before he opens his mouth, and you would imagine that he was only an ordinary mortal; but, as quick as lightning, he puts his microscope to your eye, and his little finger becomes thicker than a man’s loins, and his buttons are magnified into huge dinner-plates. Like the fiendish poodle-dog that annoyed Faust, he goes on expanding, till you become afraid that the room won’t hold him—

“Swelling like an elephant,  
He will make the ceiling scant:”

and you must shake him very hard to bring him down to his natural size. He is quite hand-and-glove with Lord John This and Mr. Spring That; has got an offer of an official situation, but does not choose to let himself be “shelved” so soon; for he is certain of obtaining more active and important employment. He will talk on till old age or poverty comes over him; but nothing will crush his lively, vaulting, active, bouncing spirit. He will bounce to the very last; and we do believe that death will find it as hard to pin him, as to catch a fine, springy, industrious flea. We know another bouncer, however, the very ditto of the one we are speaking of, who has bounced to some purpose, for he has bounced himself into a good official situation—but then he is an Irishman.

There are more than one kind of fat bouncers. The dapper, happy-looking, sanguine, ruddy-complexioned bouncer, whom it is quite a pleasure to see; and the pale-faced fat bouncer, with a contemptuous scowl, and a puffy look; his white neckcloth rolled in a full manner round his short, thick neck, and his whole look disagreeably important. There are also several kinds of lean bouncers. The tall, smart, affable man, who has a quick eye and a touch of his hat for everybody; and the saturnine, solemn, lean bouncer, whose liver is of the nature called “lily,” and is always desperately afraid that you are going to insult him. But why should we attempt to describe individuals of such a varied and multiform species as the bouncers? The cook bounces about her skill in cooking, the fine places she has been in, and the great

consideration that was always paid to her; the housemaid bounces about her relations, and how, once on a day, it was never thought that she would become a servant; nurse bounces about the influence which she possesses over "missus," and how free and familiarly "master" treats her; the wife bounces about her husband, and the husband sometimes about the wife; the carpenter bounces about his chips, and the compositor bounces, over his pot of porter, about the quantity of types he can pick up in a day; the advertisement collector bounces about the huge circulation of his periodical, and the bookseller sometimes bounces about his editions; the traveller is an old privileged bouncer, and the world is a bouncing world: for even undertakers and grave-diggers bounce, and as the earth rattles on their coffins, the dead might almost hear the living bouncing over them.

We cannot conclude this bouncing paper without a notice of the LITERARY BOUNCER. He is a clever fellow; is a good classical scholar; and knows German and Spanish as familiarly as his own mother-tongue, besides having a slight knowledge of Russian, a tolerable acquaintance with Arabic, and could make a shift with the Sanscrit. He is fully competent to

"Search the moon by her own light;  
To take an inventory of a  
Her real estate and personal;  
To measure wind, and weigh the air,  
And turn a circle to a square;  
And in the braying of an ass  
Find out the trouble and the bass  
If mares neigh *alto*, and a cow  
In double diapason low."

One more "last word;" a story, reader, but *not* a bounce. A very worthy man, a member of parliament, a gentleman, and a scholar, once advised us never to confess ignorance of any subject, especially in certain circles, or to certain parties. "Franklin," said he, "was impressively told to 'stoop,' as he went through the world, and he would miss many hard thumps; but," said he, "if *you* want to push your way in the world of London, bounce, and bounce high, or you will never be able to clear the five-barred gates that stand in your way!"

#### PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.

A FEW years since, a ship "arrived at Liverpool, after having been for several weeks the sport of winds and waves. The mariner's compass having been washed overboard in a storm, their voyage was dreary and procrastinated, much caution being necessary; and despite which, their fate, but for a fortuitous circumstance, might have been inevitably sealed. Now, had the simple fact of the extreme ease with which a mariner's needle might be made known to any on board, the peril might have been avoided. A sewing-needle, or the blade of a penknife, being held in an upright posture and struck by a hammer, and subsequently floated by cork on water, or suspended by a thread without iron, would become a magnetic needle, and point north and south; or the end of a poker held vertically, and passed over its surface from one extreme to the other, would impart magnetism, which, if the needle be of steel, would be of a permanent character." I take this case from a *Mechanics' Magazine* published in America.

Again, I read in the newspaper the other day as follows:—"A penknife, by accident, dropped into a well twenty feet deep. A sunbeam from a mirror was directed to the bottom, which rendered the knife visible; and a magnet fastened to a pole brought it up." And so of thousands of cases that occur daily in the mechanic's business; and a little science comes in play very well here, though a man does not know *any more*.

*Timothy Claxton's Hints to Mechanics.*

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

##### EMANUEL VON FELLEBERG.

EMANUEL VON FELLEBERG, the celebrated founder of the institution for the improvement of education and agriculture at Hofwyl, in the canton of Berne in Switzerland, was born in 1771. His father was of the patrician rank, and a member of the government of Berne; his mother, a grand-daughter of the celebrated Admiral Van Tromp, was distinguished for her enlarged benevolence and sincere piety. How much have the greatest characters owed to their mothers, from the Gracchi to Napoleon! The mother of Fellenberg urged upon him, by example and precept, the duty of relieving the unfortunate; and she awakened a spirit of patriotism in his young mind, by describing to him the public services of her grandfather in Holland, and by placing before him the history of his own country; and during the struggle of the Americans for their independence, her ardent feelings in their favour excited in her son a strong interest in the heroes of that unprecedented war, and warmed his heart in behalf of his own country. These feelings were confirmed by the exhortations of his father; who, when returned from the council, fatigued, and almost disheartened by the failure of efforts to promote salutary measures, would enlarge upon the duties of a citizen, charging his son to live for his country. To these impressions of his childhood Fellenberg ascribes, in a great measure, his subsequent character and destination. At the age of fifteen, he was placed under the instruction of the celebrated blind poet, Pfeffel, at Colmar. The first bias of his mind towards the subject of education was given on his return to Switzerland, by an address delivered by his father as president of the Helvetic Society; and the intimacy of his parents with Pestalozzi, whom he early learned to revere for his genius and benevolence, strengthened this interest, and probably contributed much to give to his efforts the direction they have taken. On his return to his native city, at the age of sixteen, he found the pursuits and character of the young men of his own age so frivolous and corrupt, that he abandoned their society for his study, notwithstanding the petty persecutions to which this conduct subjected him. In order to improve his health, which had been impaired by study, he gave up the delicacies of his father's table for very simple fare, and employed other means to harden his constitution, rendering himself independent of artificial wants, and devoting to benevolent objects the money wasted by his companions in luxury and amusement. Disappointed at finding in no one a spirit congenial with his own, respecting the object of education, he felt the need of some regenerating influence on the mass of society. We might suppose that such a mind, enlarged, enthusiastic, and feeling its own power, might have been carried away by that spirit of infidelity which then spread like a flood over the face of Europe. But, thanks to his early instructors, it was not so; his own faith in revelation never wavered; and so confident was he that no reflecting man could resist the evidence of Christianity, that he spent months of fruitless discussion in the residence of an unbeliever, on the banks of the lake of Zurich, with the persuasion that he should convince him of his error. For the purpose of acquainting himself with the state of the people of his own country, he travelled through Switzerland, usually on foot, with his knapsack on his back, residing in the villages and farm-houses, mingling in the labours and occupations and partaking of the rude lodging and fare of the peasants and mechanics, and often extending his journey to surrounding countries. In 1790, he went to the university of Tübingen, to complete his studies in civil law; and immediately after the fall of Robespierre, in 1795, he visited Paris, where he attended the sessions of the committee of instruction. Perceiving, however, the storm which was impending over Switzerland, from the schemes of the French revolutionists, he returned to warn his countrymen against it, urging the sacrifice of some of the oppressive claims and exclusive privileges of the patricians, as the only means of averting it. But his predictions were disbelieved, and his warnings disregarded.

At the approach of the French troops in 1798, he was active in raising and leading the men of his canton to resist them. But such efforts were vain against the disciplined forces of the enemy; Berne was taken, Fellenberg proscribed, a price was set upon his head, and he was compelled to fly to Germany. He had some intention of going to America, whither he had transmitted some of his property as a resource, in case of the utter ruin of affairs at home; but being recalled to Switzerland, he was soon after sent on a mission to Paris, to remonstrate against the oppressive and rapacious conduct of the agents of the French republic. In this



he so far succeeded as to procure the recall of one of the most profligate; but, disgusted with the utter disregard of principle and honesty which he witnessed in public men and measures, he resigned his office. Entering into politics upon his return home, he was equally dissatisfied with the want of faith and public spirit which he found on the part of the government, and abandoning political life entirely, he resolved henceforth to devote himself to the subject of early education as the object of his life, and as the only resource for ameliorating the state of his own and other countries, and for preventing a repetition of the tremendous convulsions which he had witnessed. He was appointed a member of the council of education at Berne; but being soon convinced that nothing adequate could be accomplished through the medium of legislative commissions, and having come into the possession of an ample fortune, he resolved to form on his own estate, and on an independent basis, a model institution, in which it should be proved what education could accomplish for the benefit of humanity. He married, about this time, a Bernese lady, of the patrician family of Ischerner, who has born him nine children, six of whom, as well as their mother, are devoted coadjutors in his plan of benevolence.

The great object of Fellenberg was to elevate all classes of society, by fitting them better for their respective stations, and to render them happy and united, without destroying that order which Providence had appointed, and which the governments of Europe preserved with so much jealousy. He believed it important to collect in one institution the poor and the rich, each with their appropriate means of improvement, and thus to establish proper and friendly relations between them. He considered it of high importance to make agriculture the basis of such an institution. He regarded it as the employment best of all adapted to invigorate the body; but he also believed that, by elevating agriculture from a mere handicraft to an art founded upon scientific principles, and leading directly to the operations of the great First Cause, it would become a pursuit peculiarly fitted to elevate and purify the mind, and serve as the basis of improvement to the labouring classes, and to society at large.

With these views Fellenberg purchased the estate called Hofwyl, selecting it on account of its situation; so insulated as to secure it from the influence of bad examples, yet surrounded by villages that would furnish labourers, and only six miles from the city of Berne. It was an estate of about two hundred acres, under poor cultivation, lying on a hill filled with springs, and bounded on three sides by a valley eighty feet in depth. He commenced his work by draining the arable land and collecting the water into a streamlet; he then trenched the soil; and converted the swampy land into meadows, by covering it with a foot in depth of sand and soil from the upland, brought down partly by means of the streamlet, and partly by sleds raised by pulleys. He erected extensive granaries to provide for the abundant crops which he anticipated. All this excited ridicule among his enemies, and alarm and remonstrance among his friends, who left him, by his advice, to sustain the burden alone. By the system of stall-feeding he obtained an abundance of manure; and his various inventions and unceasing exertions have been crowned by the lands of Hofwyl being made to yield fourfold their former produce, with an uninterrupted succession of crops. An establishment was also formed for the manufacture of his improved instruments of agriculture, which have been sent to every part of Europe; and Hofwyl has furnished experimental farmers to princes and noblemen, and directors of agricultural institutions.

But Fellenberg occupied himself in improving agriculture only as a means to the more important end of improving man himself; and the germ of a scientific institution was formed, by associating two or three pupils with his own sons, and employing private tutors at his own house. About this time Pestalozzi being obliged to leave his residence, Fellenberg established him as a coadjutor in the chateau of Buchsee, about half a mile from Hofwyl; but the strict order and rigid economy which Fellenberg deemed necessary, agreed but ill with the ardent, but irregular benevolence of the good Pestalozzi; and the latter, being offered the much superior castle of Yverdun, he left Hofwyl, unhappily with feelings towards Fellenberg cooled by the necessity which the latter was under to restrain and curb the noble flights of his early friend.

In 1807, the first building was erected for the scientific institution, and a school for the poor projected, which in the following year was carried into execution, with the assistance of a young man named Vehrli, the son of a schoolmaster in a neighbouring canton. About the same time a school of theoretical and practical agriculture, for all classes, provided with professors of the respective

sciences connected with it, was formed at Buchsee, at which several hundred students were collected.

In the same year Fellenberg commenced a more important part of his great plan—the formation of a normal school, or seminary of teachers. This institution received great encouragement in the number of those who flocked to it to be taught, and a means was presented for regenerating gradually the schools of Switzerland; but the rulers of Berne, without any apparent motive consistent with the spirit of a free government, forbade their teachers to attend these instructions on pain of losing their stations. Since that period this establishment has been connected with the agricultural institution only. Hofwyl had by this time become the resort of strangers from all quarters. Deputations were sent to inspect the establishment from several of the German princes; the late King of Wurtemberg visited it in person incognito; and a number of pupils of princely and noble families were sent thither for education. In 1814, the Emperor Alexander sent to Hofwyl seven sons of Russian princes and noblemen, to be educated there, in accordance with a plan suggested by Fellenberg for the gradual amelioration of the Russian empire; but in a few years afterwards this powerful patronage was withdrawn on account of the political state of Europe; other foreign pupils were recalled, and of late about one third of them have been English, and the remainder Swiss.

In succeeding years several new buildings were erected, and Hofwyl now comprises:—1, the model farm, which supplies the wants of its population, amounting to about three hundred persons; 2, workshops for the fabrication and improvement of agricultural implements, scientific apparatus, and clothing for the establishment; 3, a lithographic press for music and other works; 4, a scientific institution, for the education of the higher classes; 5, a practical institution; 6, an agricultural institution; 7, a normal school. At the distance of six miles is the colony of Meykirch, consisting of eight or ten boys, who are placed on an uncultivated spot, to acquire their subsistence by their own labour, receiving daily instruction, and aided by a small capital supplied by Fellenberg.

Thus has this excellent and indefatigable man laboured to benefit his fellow-creatures. Difficulties did not deter him, nor the coolness of friends discourage him: he at last triumphed over all obstacles; and not only has he reaped sustenance for hundreds from fields "where Ceres never gained a wreath before," but he has cultivated the barren minds of his fellow-men, and laid the foundation of moral and intellectual worth.

One peculiar feature in the system of education pursued at Hofwyl is the absence of the stimulus of rewards and distinctions; and complete proof is furnished in this establishment, that the most ardent thirst for knowledge and the most assiduous habits of study may be produced without resorting to the principle of emulation. The great aim of Fellenberg has been to produce *men*, and not *mere scholars*; his great principle is to unite physical, moral, and intellectual education. The invigoration of the body and the preservation of the health are carefully provided for, by the size and airiness of the buildings, the regulations respecting food and sleep according to the constitutions of individuals, and the extensive play-grounds. The fundamental views of Pestalozzi are adopted in many branches, with such modifications as are necessary in their practical application. The utmost watchfulness is used in moral and religious education; and the development of religious feeling, under the influence of revelation, aided by the cultivation of the taste, and the formation of habits of constant industry, order, and temperance, are the objects sought to be attained. Another great point has been fully established by the experiments of Fellenberg—that the poor may receive a good practical education at such an institution, without interfering with the usual hours of labour; and that if they can be retained to the age of twenty-one, the expense will be entirely repaid.

#### USES OF HISTORY.

HISTORY, however profoundly studied, will still, perhaps, leave us in doubt as to the rules which ought to regulate our own conduct, or our share in the general conduct of society, of which we are members: but it will leave us none as to the boundless indulgence we owe to the opinions of other men. When we see that science is so complicated; that truth is so far removed from us, so shrouded from our ken; that every step in our work offers fresh difficulties to our investigation, raises fresh questions for solution;—when we are not sure of our own footing, how shall we pronounce sentence on those who differ from us?—*Sismondi's Fall of the Roman Empire.*

## THE LOST ONE—A STARRY DREAM.

ON an evening of exquisite beauty, a dreamer went forth to muse. The sun had just fallen beneath the horizon, arraying his attendant clouds in purple and gold, as he retired; night and day were harmoniously blending together, and the winds were sleeping on the bosom of ocean, except a gentle zephyr, which tripped with fairy foot over the dewy flowers. The moon had not yet risen, but the soft radiance which a thousand stars threw over the earth, and the delicious and refreshing air, all combined together to give the evening a talismanic effect over the tender emotions of the heart. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "well do I remember rushing on such a night as this to yonder green knoll, that I might behold the twilight melting into night, and watch the stars stepping out into the firmament, until the heavens were in a glow. Oh! hours of silent peace, of serenity undisturbed, ye will never, never return! The freshness and the vigour of those feelings have passed for ever away, and I am a prey to pride, to ambition, to anxiety of mind!" He paused, as the moon peeped over a distant hill, and then, in an ecstasy, he stretched out his hands, as if in prayer to the DEITY who "sitteth in the circle of the heavens, and the inhabitants of the earth are accounted as grasshoppers before him."

Palace lights of heaven! Thousands of the dwellers in "populous cities pent" may pass their lives untouched by the silent lessons which ye teach; but in all ages there have been hearts in which ye kindle the poetic fire, and in whose souls ye awaken a holy, a celestial feeling, which carries them up from the sluggishness of earth, and bears them away into a "region of invisibles," which the eye and heart of the dull and vulgar mind can neither see nor understand.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls."

The dreamer had sat down to indulge his feelings for a few moments, and to rest himself. Overcome by fatigue, he dropped asleep, and a dream came over him. He thought he beheld the stars so well known as the Plough, or the *Chur's Wain*, in high commotion. They no longer moved in their calm, and bright, and stilly career; and sounds were heard, which were totally out of chord with the "music of the spheres." Louder and louder grew the sounds, and every luminary in heaven became interested in the contention. One of the Seven Sisters was envious of the popularity of the Pole Star; it would no longer endure that it should continue to be "the observed of all observers," or that it should remain, night after night, the "pivot of the universe," gazing, in lazy and lordly majesty, at the host which regularly revolved around it. Nothing would satisfy the rebel but that the pole-star and it should exchange places; while the polar determined to maintain its position, and seemed to glare defiance at its foe. One little, modest star whispered, "Sister, if we refuse to revolve as usual, the harmony of the creation will be disturbed—we shall derange the established order of things."

"Pooh, pooh," sharply retorted the angry and envious luminary, "who cares for the established order of things—I will do as I please!"

"We ought to be content with the station in which we have been all placed, and not attempt to chalk out systems and places for ourselves," still persevered the little adviser.

"Who taught you to regulate my opinions?" again was the

rebel's indignant rejoinder—"I have a mind of my own, and will act as I please!"

At this speech all the stars in the heavens became outrageous; all were contending that each had as good a right to exchange places with the polar as the rebel herself. Confusion and uproar ensued—the stars were dancing in the firmament, for they were preparing to make a general rush to secure the honourable station—the polar began to tremble, not merely for its own safety, but lest the visible frame of creation should return to chaos; when order was suddenly restored, and the pause, as contrasted with the previous clamour, became truly "expressive silence." A colossal figure was seen standing as if with "one foot on the sea, and another on the land;" from his eyes there glanced a light so effulgent, that the stars became dim at his presence; he stretched out his right hand, and demanded the cause of the commotion. For a few moments none dared to speak: but the rebellious star, recovering her courage, stated the cause of her discontent, and petitioned to exchange places, for a time at least, with the polar. The polar immediately declared its determination to maintain its position, while the other stars urged their claims, and the confusion and uproar once more became general. The majestic figure again waved his right hand—silence profound once more prevailed—while he addressed the refractory luminary, exhorting her to be content with her position; pointed out the evils which would ensue, both to herself and others, if she persisted in the unreasonable demand, and then inquired if she were willing to submit, and resume her appointed duties. A distinct "No!" was heard echoing along the vault of heaven: the question was again repeated, and the negative was given in a louder and a firmer tone: a third time, and a third time it was given fiercer and firmer than before. All now gazed with indescribable interest on the awful interrogator: he looked upwards; seemed to breathe a prayer; then casting a look "more in sorrow than in anger" towards the refractory one, pronounced her doom. "Be thou blotted from the map of heaven, and let another and a more obedient occupy thy stead!" Like a flash of lightning she fell into the gulf beneath, and her brightness was instantly quenched in its dark waters.

"A star is gone! a star is gone!  
There is a blank in heaven!  
One of the cherub-quire has done  
His acry course this even.

"He sat upon the orb of fire  
That hung for ages there,  
And lent his music to the quire  
That haunts the nightly air.

"Hear how his angel brothers mourn—  
The minstrels of the spheres!  
Each chiming sadly in his turn,  
And dropping splendid tears.

"The planetary sisters all  
Join in the fatal song,  
And weep their hapless brother's fall,  
Who sang with them so long.

"From the deep chambers of the dome,  
Where sleepless Uriel lies,  
His rude harmonic thunders come,  
Mingled with mighty sighs.

"The thousand car-born cherubim,  
The wandering cloven,  
All join to chant the dirge of him,  
Who just now fell from heaven!"

## THE STORY OF THE CALIPH STORK\*.

CHASID, Caliph at Bagdad, sat comfortably upon his sofa, on a beautiful afternoon. He had slept a little, for it was a hot day, and he seemed very cheerful after his nap. He smoked from a long pipe of rose-wood, sipped now and then a little coffee, which a slave poured out for him, and stroked his beard each time contentedly, as though he relished it greatly. It was plain, in short, that the Caliph was in a good humour. About this hour, one could very easily speak with him, for he was always then very mild and affable; on which account, it was the custom of his Grand Vizier, Manzor, to visit him every day about this time. He came indeed, on this afternoon, but he seemed thoughtful, which was very unusual with him. The Caliph took his pipe a little from his mouth, and said, "Grand Vizier, why is thy countenance so troubled?"

The Grand Vizier crossed his arms over his breast, bowed himself before his lord, and answered, "My lord, whether my countenance is troubled, I cannot say; but below the castle there stands a merchant, who has such fine wares, that I am vexed, because I have so little money to spare."

The Caliph, who, for a long time past, had desired to confer a favour upon his Grand Vizier, despatched his black slave to bring up the merchant. The slave soon returned with him. The merchant was a little stout man, with a dark brown face, and in ragged attire. He carried a chest, in which he had various kinds of wares; pearls and rings, richly inlaid pistols, goblets and combs. The Caliph and his Vizier looked them all over, and the former purchased, at last, some beautiful pistols for himself and Manzor, and a comb for the wife of the Vizier. As the merchant was about to pack up his chest again, the Caliph espied a little drawer, and asked, whether there was also merchandise in that. The merchant drew out the drawer, and showed therein a box filled with a blackish powder, and a paper with strange writing upon it, which neither the Caliph nor Manzor could read. "I received these things from a merchant, who found them in the streets of Mecca," said he. "I know not what they contain. They are at your service for a trifling price, for I can do nothing with them." The Caliph, who liked to have old manuscripts in his library, even if he could not read them, purchased box and writing, and dismissed the merchant. But it occurred to the Caliph, that he would like to know the meaning of the writing, and he inquired of the Vizier whether he knew any one who could decipher it. "Most worthy lord and master," answered the latter, "near the great mosque, there dwells a man who understands all languages; he is called 'Selim the Wise;' send for him; perhaps he can interpret these mysterious characters."

The learned Selim was soon brought. "Selim," said the Caliph, "they say thou art very learned; peep now into this writing, to see whether thou canst read it; if thou canst, thou shalt have a rich new garment; if thou canst not, thou shalt have twelve blows upon the ear, and five-and-twenty upon the soles of the feet; for in that case, thou art without the right to be called 'Selim the Wise.'" Selim bowed himself and said, "Thy will be done, my lord." For a long time he considered the writing, then suddenly exclaimed, "That is Latin, my lord; or may I be hanged!" "Say what it means," commanded the Caliph, "if it be Latin."

Selim commenced to translate: "Oh man, thou who findest this, praise Allah for his goodness! Whoever snuffs of the powder of this box, and says thereupon, '*Mutabor*,' will have the power to change himself into any animal, and will understand also the language of animals. If he wishes again to return to his human form, he must bow himself three times toward the east, and repeat the same word; but beware, when thou art transformed, that thou laughest not, otherwise the magic word will disappear completely from thy memory, and thou wilt remain a beast."

When Selim the Wise had read this, the Caliph was delighted beyond measure. He made the sage swear that he would disclose the secret to no one, presented him with a rich garment, and dismissed him. But to his Grand Vizier he said: "That I call a good purchase, Manzor. I can scarcely restrain my delight, until I am a beast. Early to-morrow morning come thou hither; we will go together into the field, sniff a little out of my box, and then listen to what is said in the air, and in the water, in the wood and in the field."

On the following morning, the Caliph had scarcely breakfasted, and dressed himself, when the Grand Vizier appeared to accompany him upon his walk, as he had commanded. The Caliph

placed the box with the magic powder in his girdle, and having directed his train to remain behind, he set out alone with his Grand Vizier. They went first through the spacious gardens of the Caliph, and looked around, but in vain, for some living thing, that they might try their trick. The Vizier at last proposed that they should go farther on, to a pond, where he had often seen many of those animals called *storks*, which, by their grave appearance, and their continual clacking, had always excited his attention.

The Caliph approved the proposal of his Vizier, and they went together to the pond. When they had arrived there, they saw a stork walking gravely up and down, looking for frogs, and now and then clacking away something to himself. At the same time they saw also, far above in the air, another stork, hovering over the place.

"I wager my beard, most gracious master," said the Grand Vizier, "that these two long-footed fellows are about carrying on a fine conversation with one another. What if we should become storks?"

"Well said!" replied the Caliph. "But first let us consider, once more, how we are to become men again. True! three times must we bend toward the east, and say, '*Mutabor*;' then I am Caliph again, and thou Vizier. But for heaven's sake do not laugh, or we are lost!"

While the Caliph was thus speaking, he saw the other stork hover over their heads, and slowly descend toward the earth. He drew the box quickly from his girdle, took a good pinch, offered it to the Grand Vizier, who also snuffed it, and both called out, "*Mutabor*!"

Their legs then shrivelled up, and became thin and red; the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and of his companion were changed into ill-shapen storks' feet; their arms were turned into wings; their necks were lengthened out from their shoulders, and became a yard long; their beards had disappeared, and their bodies were covered with soft feathers.

"You have a beautiful beak," said the Caliph, after a long pause of astonishment. "By the beard of the Prophet!—I have never seen anything like it in my life!"

"I thank you most humbly," returned the Grand Vizier, while he made his obeisance; "but if it were permitted, I might assert that your highness looks even more handsome as a stork, than as a Caliph. But come, if it please you, let us listen to our comrades yonder, and find out whether we actually understand the storkish language."

In the meanwhile, the other stork had reached the ground. He trimmed his feet with his beak, put his feathers in order, and advanced to his companion. The two new storks hastened to get near them, and, to their surprise, overheard the following conversation:—

"Good morning, Lady Longlegs! Already so early upon the meadow?"

"Thank you, dear Clatterbeak! I have had only a slight breakfast. You would like, perhaps, a piece of a duck, or the leg of a frog?"

"Much obliged, but I have no appetite to-day. I have come upon the meadow for a very different purpose. I am to dance to-day before some guests of my father's, and I wish to practise here a little quietly by myself."

The young stork immediately jumped about the field with singular motions. The Caliph and Manzor looked on with wonder; but as she stood in a picturesque attitude upon one foot, and fluttered her wings gracefully, they could no longer contain themselves; an irresistible laughter burst forth from their beaks, from which they could not recover themselves for a long time. The Caliph first collected himself.

"That was a joke, now," he exclaimed, "that is not to be purchased with gold! Pity that the foolish animals have been frightened away by our laughter; otherwise, perhaps, they might even have sung!"

But it now occurred to the Vizier that laughter had been forbidden them during their transformation. He imparted his anxiety to the Caliph. "Odds, Mecca and Medina! It would be a bad joke, if I must remain a stork! Bethink thyself of that stupid word; I cannot bring it out."

"Three times must we bow toward the east, and then say, *Mu, mu, mu*—"

They turned toward the east, and bowed and bowed, so that their beaks almost touched the earth; but alas! the magic word had escaped them. However often the Caliph bowed himself, and however anxiously the Vizier called out thereupon, "*Mu, mu*,"—

\* From the Knickerbocker, New-York Magazine.



all recollection of it had vanished, and the poor Chasid and his Vizier remained storks.

Mournfully wandered the enchanted ones through the fields. They knew not what they should do in their distress. They could not rid themselves of their stork's skin; they could not return to the city to make themselves known, for who would have believed a stork, if he said he was the Caliph?—and even if they should believe it, the inhabitants of Bagdad would not have a stork for their Caliph.

Thus they wandered around for several days, and nourished themselves sorrowfully with the fruits of the field, which they could not eat very conveniently, on account of their long beaks. For ducks and frogs they had no appetite; they were afraid that with such morsels they might fatally disorder their stomachs. It was their only pleasure, in this sad condition, that they could fly, and so they often flew upon the roofs of Bagdad, to see what passed in the city.

During the first days, they remarked great disorder and mourning in the streets; but about the fourth day after their transformation, as they sat upon the Caliph's palace, they saw in the street below a splendid procession. The drums and fifes sounded; a man in a scarlet mantle, embroidered with gold, rode a richly caparisoned steed, surrounded by a brilliant train of attendants. Half Bagdad leaped to meet him, and all cried, "Hail, Mirza, lord of Bagdad!" The two storks upon the roof of the palace looked at one another, and the Caliph said, "Canst thou now divine, Grand Vizier, wherefore I am enchanted? This Mirza is the son of my deadly enemy, the mighty magician, Cachnur, who in an evil hour swore revenge upon me. But still I will not give up hope. Come with me, thou true companion of my misfortune! We will wander to the grave of the Prophet. Perhaps upon that holy spot this spell will vanish." They soared from the roof of the palace, and flew toward Medina.

But flying was not such an easy matter to them, for the two storks had as yet had little practice. "Oh, my lord!" sighed forth the Grand Vizier, after a few hours; "with your permission, I can stand it no longer; you fly altogether too fast. Besides, it is now evening, and we should do well to seek a shelter for the night."

Chasid yielded to the prayer of his Vizier; and, as they at this moment perceived a ruin in the valley below, they flew thither. The place in which they had taken refuge for the night seemed formerly to have been a castle. Beautiful columns overtopped the ruins, and several chambers, which were still in a tolerable state of preservation, gave evidence of the former splendour of the building. Chasid and his companion wandered through the passages, to find a dry spot for themselves. Suddenly the stork Manzor stopped. "My lord and master," he whispered softly, "if it were not folly in a Grand Vizier, and still more in a stork, to be afraid of spirits, I should feel much alarmed, for something near by has sighed and groaned very audibly."

The Caliph stood still also, and heard very distinctly a low weeping, that seemed rather to come from a human being, than from an animal. Full of expectation, he was about to advance toward the place from whence the sounds of lamentation proceeded, when the Vizier seized him by the wing with his beak, and begged him earnestly not to plunge into new and unknown dangers. But in vain! The Caliph, who bore a brave heart under his stork's wing, tore himself loose, with the loss of some of his feathers, and hastened into a dark passage-way. He soon arrived at a door, which seemed to be partly open, and through which he overheard distinct sighs, with a slight moaning. In the ruined chamber, which was but scantily lighted by a small grated window, he perceived a large night owl seated upon the floor. Big tears rolled from her large round eyes, and with a hoarse voice she sent forth her lamentations from her curved beak. As soon, however, as she spied the Caliph and his Vizier, who also had stalked thither, she gave a loud scream of joy. Gracefully she wiped the tears from her eyes with her brown spotted wing, and, to the great astonishment of both, she exclaimed, in good human Arabic, "Welcome, ye storks! Ye are a good sign of my rescue; for it has been prophesied to me, that by a stork I shall arrive to great happiness."

When the Caliph had recovered from his astonishment, he bowed with his long neck, brought his thin feet into a handsome position, and said, "Night Owl! from thy words I may conclude that thou art a companion in suffering. But alas! the hope that thou wilt be rescued by us is vain: thou wilt thyself perceive our helplessness, when thou shalt have heard our history." The Night

Owl begged him to relate it. The Caliph commenced, and repeated what we already know.

When the Caliph had related to the Owl his history, she thanked him, and said, "Hear also my story, and learn that I am not less unhappy than thou. My father is king of India. I, his only unhappy daughter, am called Lusa. That magician Cachnur, who has enchanted you, has also plunged me into this misery. He came one day to my father, and desired me for a wife to his son. But my father, who is a quick-tempered man, ordered him to be pushed down the stairs. The wretch contrived to approach me under another form; and once, when I would take refreshments in my garden, he brought to me, in the habit of a slave, a draught which transformed me into this frightful shape. Powerless from fright, he brought me hither, and cried, with a dreadful voice, in my ears, 'Here shalt thou remain, hateful, despised even by the beasts, until thy death, or until some one, with free will, shall desire thee for his wife, even in this horrible shape. Thus I revenge myself upon thee and thy proud father!'

"Since then, many months have flown away. Solitary and desolate, I inhabit these walls as a hermitess. Scorned by the world, a horror even to the beasts; beautiful nature is locked up from me, for I am blind by day, and only when the moon pours her pale light over these ruins does the veil fall from my eyes."

The Owl ended, and wiped the tears again from her eyes; for the relation of her sorrows had drawn them forth anew.

During the relation of the princess, the Caliph appeared sunk in deep thought. "If everything does not deceive me," he said, "there is a secret connection between our fates; but where shall I find the key to this riddle?" The Owl answered him, "Oh, my lord! I also have such a thought, for it was once prophesied to me, in my earliest youth, that a stork would bring me great happiness; and I may know, perhaps, how we can be rescued."

The Caliph was much astonished, and asked her in what way she meant.

"The magician who has made us both miserable," said she, "comes once in every month to these ruins. Not far from this chamber is a hall. There he is accustomed to feast with many of his companions. I have often listened there already. They relate then to one another their shameful deeds; perchance they may pronounce the magic word which you have forgotten."

"Oh, dearest princess!" exclaimed the Caliph; "tell me, when comes he?—where is the hall?"

The Owl was silent for a moment, and then spake, "Take it not ungraciously, but only upon one condition can your wish be gratified."

"Speak out! speak out!" cried the Caliph; "command! I will obey in anything."

"It is this; I also would gladly be free, and this can only happen if one of you offer me his hand."

The storks seemed somewhat confused at this proposition, and the Caliph made a sign to his follower to withdraw for a moment with him.

"Grand Vizier!" said the Caliph, as they closed the door behind them, "this is a stupid business—but you could take her."

"So that my wife should tear out my eyes, when I return home!" said the other. "Besides, I am an old man, while you are young and unmarried, and ought willingly to give your hand to a young and beautiful princess."

"That is just the thing," sighed the Caliph, while he sadly drooped his wings; "who tells you that she is young and beautiful? It is buying a cat in a bag."

They talked for a long time together, but at last, when the Caliph saw that his Vizier would rather remain a stork than marry the Owl, he resolved to fulfil the condition himself. The Owl was overjoyed. She told them that they could not have come at a better time, for probably the musicians would assemble that very night.

She left the chamber, accompanied by the storks, in order to lead them to the hall. They walked for a long time through a dark passage-way, when, at last, a bright light beamed upon them from an opening in a half-ruined wall. When they had arrived thither, the Owl advised them to keep themselves perfectly quiet. From the fissure near which they stood they had a good view of the large hall. It was adorned round about with pillars, and splendidly decorated. In the middle of the hall stood a circular table, covered with various rare viands; around the table was placed a sofa, upon which sat eight men. In one of these men

the storks recognised the merchant who had sold them the magic powder. The one who sat next him desired him to recount his latest exploits. He related, among other things, the history of the Caliph and his Vizier.

"What sort of a word hast thou given them?" inquired the other magician.

"A very hard Latin one; it is 'Mutabor.'"

As the storks heard this, from their place of concealment, they became almost beside themselves for joy. They ran so quickly, with their long legs, to the door of the ruin, that the owl could scarcely follow them. There the Caliph addressed the owl with much emotion: "Saviour of my life, and of the life of my friend! as an eternal thanks for what thou hast done for us, receive me for thy husband!" Then he turned himself toward the east. Three times the storks bent their long necks towards the sun, which at this moment ascended from behind the hills; "*Mutabor!*" they exclaimed; in a twinkling they were transformed, and, in the delight of newly restored life, lay master and servant, laughing and weeping in each other's arms. But who can describe their astonishment, as they looked about them! A beautiful woman, magnificently arrayed, stood before them. She gave her hand, smiling, to the Caliph. "Do you no longer recognise your Night Owl?" said she.

It was that veritable bird! The Caliph was so enraptured with her beauty and grace, that he exclaimed, "It is my greatest happiness that I have been a stork!"

The three travelled now toward Bagdad together. The Caliph found in his clothes not only the box with the magic powder, but also his purse of gold. By this means he purchased at the nearest village whatever was necessary for their journey, and thus they arrived soon at the gates of Bagdad. The arrival of the Caliph excited the greatest wonder. They had supposed him dead, and the people were overjoyed to have their beloved lord again.

Their hate burned so much the more against the deceiver, Mirza. They entered the palace, and took the old magician and his son prisoner. The Caliph sent the old man to that same chamber which the princess had inhabited as an owl, and ordered him to be there hung up. But to the son, who understood none of the arts of the father, he offered the choice either to die, or *snuff*. He "was up to snuff," and chose the latter, when the Grand Vizier offered him the box. A good pinch, and the magic word of the Caliph, changed him into a stork. The Caliph ordered him to be shut up in an iron cage, and placed in his garden.

Long and happily lived the Caliph Chasid with his wife the princess. His happiest hours were when the Grand Vizier visited him in the afternoon. Then they spoke of their stork's adventure, and when the Caliph was more than commonly merry, he would so far descend as to imitate the Grand Vizier, and show how he looked as a stork. He walked then gravely up and down the chamber, with precise step, made a clacking noise, fluttered his arms like wings, and showed how he, to no purpose, bowed himself toward the east, and called out "*Mu—mu—*" This was always a great delight to the princess and her children; but when the Caliph too long clacked, and bowed, and cried "*Mu—mu—*," the Vizier would threaten, smilingly, "that he would relate to the wife of the Caliph the conversation which took place before the door of the Princess Night Owl!"

#### INGENIOUS KOLIAN HARP.

BEING on the sea-shore, I heard some wind-instrument, the harmony of which, though sometimes very correct, was intermixed with discordant notes that were by no means displeasing. These sounds, which were very musical, and formed fine cadences, seemed to come from such a distance, that I for some time imagined the natives were having a concert behind the roadstead, about six miles from the spot where I stood. My ear was greatly deceived respecting the distance, for I was not an hundred yards from the instrument. It was a bamboo, at least twenty metres in height, which had been fixed in a vertical situation by the sea-side. I remarked between each knot a slit; these slits formed so many holes, which, when the wind introduced itself into them, gave agreeable and diversified sounds. As the knots of this long bamboo were very numerous, care had been taken to make holes in different directions, in order that, on whatever side the wind blew, it might always meet with some of them. I cannot convey a better idea of the sounds of this instrument, than by comparing them to those of the harmonica.—*Labillardière, Voyage in search of La Perouse.*

#### A JOURNEY WITH THE JEWS FROM BRODY TO ODESSA.

I took my departure from Brody\* at noon on the 12th of August, accompanied by a young deputy *facteur*, attached to the house of Messrs. ——. He was instructed to manage for the passing of my baggage at Radziewillow. On our arrival at the barrier, which is painted with black and white streaks, and edged with red, the first objects that I remarked were two Cossacks, as sentinels on the Russian side. My *facteur* (or *factotum*) descended from the box, and left me for a short time, whilst he went to the custom-house, close at hand. Presently the bar was raised, the carriage passed, and behold me within the dominions of the autocrat of all the Russias!

The value of my precaution at Dresden was now evident, for, without the signature of the Russian minister to my passport, I should not have been allowed to cross the frontier.

I was obliged to go into the *bureau* to get my papers examined; my luggage was also subjected to a scrutiny:—all this was regular—but having been called upon by the cunning young *facteur* to pay a great number of silver roubles to the custom-house officers, I remonstrated, and was assured by him, in a mysterious tone and manner, that they were allowing me to come off very easily, and that, but for his powerful protection, I should not only have been detained many hours, but have had much more to pay. I quickly perceived that the rogues were playing into each other's hands: giving them to understand, therefore, that they should not see any more of my money, I claimed my baggage, got into the *calèche*, and gave orders to be driven to the house of the director of the post office. That gentleman was very obliging, and informed me that all persons who wish to travel post in Russia, must have an official permission to do so: this document is called a *podaroschna*, and is granted on presentation of a passport, *en règle*, on arriving at the first civil government of Russia; it contains a designation of the number of horses required, and the place of destination. A tax of one *kopek* a *werste*† for the whole extent of the route is paid on receiving the *podaroschna*. There would not have been any difficulty as to this, in my case, but as I did not speak the Russian language, and had not a servant with me who did, I was advised to make an arrangement with one of the Jewish horse-dealers of Radziewillow; for it was probable that I might be awkwardly situated on the wild *steppes* I was about to traverse, if I could not explain myself to the Russian postilions and postmasters. I could understand, and make myself understood by the Jews, who all speak bad German. The track usually followed by the Jews is shorter, by nearly a hundred *werstes*, than the regular post-road, which goes round by Dubna, &c. I took my leave, then, of the director, with many thanks for his politeness, and proceeded to the *Hôtel de St. Petersburg*, kept by Mr. Jacobson, a German.

Having notified to the landlord my wish to make a bargain for horses, he sent for some stable-keepers; and in the mean time my *ami intime*, the deputy Jew *facteur*, who never left my side, accompanied me to the dwelling of the agent of my Brody friends. This person, a Jew, was absent, but his wife changed my money, paid my draft, and urged me very much to take up my abode in their house for the night, knowing that I was to pay for the accommodation; but it was my intention to be some *werstes* on my road before evening; and being perfectly satisfied with the *Hôtel de St. Petersburg*, I declined this amiable invitation.

The head-dress of this Jewish lady was superb, being composed of a triangular something, a tiara if you will, all glittering with diamonds; I cannot pretend to say whether these jewels were of the first water; they abounded, however, not only in the *coiffure*, but also in the immense ear-rings worn by the Israelitish matron.

On my return I found a motley group assembled in front of the inn, all competitors for the honour (say *profit*) of conducting me to Odessa. Divers manoeuvres were practised to attract my notice: several sorry-looking horses were shown off in various ludicrous ways, and many a long beard was thrust into closer contact with my cravat than I liked. At every turn I took, a chin was wagging, and a pair of fiery eyes rolling at me, just as may be seen imitated in the plaster of Paris images that are sold about London streets by poor Italians. These chapmen seemed

\* Brody is a town in the north-east of Galicia, on the high road from Lemberg to Dubna, in Russian Poland. On account of the number of Jews which inhabit it, it has been nicknamed the "German Jerusalem."

† Ten *kopeks* are equal to about two *sous* of France, or a penny English. The Russian *werste* is rather more than half an English mile.



to me to be opponents at one moment, and partners at another; for, after the most violent gesticulations and symptoms of pugilism, they cooled down, consulted together, and a delegate was sent to me, as from the general body. The belligerents had, apparently, come to an understanding; the basis of the treaty being, probably, to get as much from the Christian as possible, and to divide the spoil.

I retreated to my chamber, and got the master of the house to assist me in the negotiation, which was at length brought to a conclusion, by my agreeing to give 195 paper roubles\* for the journey; 100 of which I paid down, the remainder to be added, if, on our arrival at Odessa, the other high contracting party should have done the work properly. I stipulated for four horses, and that we should arrive at Odessa in eight days at farthest. Having paid my Brody deputy *facteur* his fee for attendance; another *facteur* belonging to the hotel his fee, and various other incidental charges, I ordered all to be ready in half an hour, which space of time was devoted to the attainment, from the intelligent Mr. Jacobson, of as much information as possible; when, all being ready, I shook hands with him, and bade him farewell.

My *fuhrmann*, or driver, was a Jew of about forty years of age, with a fine open countenance, and rather ruddy complexion—two unusual attributes amongst his brethren. He wore a robe of light blue stuff (not very clean), tied round the waist with a worsted sash; the brim of his low-crowned hat was very broad; and clusters of well-oiled locks fell from underneath it: his beard was of a respectable length.

The four horses ran abreast, and the whitish-looking outside animals, which were attached to two roughly-made extra splinter-bars, might be compared to the studding-sails that are run out when a vessel is going with a steady breeze before the wind. The steeds were decidedly Jewish: for they had long beards, and were very dirty.

We went off at a dashing rate. I suppose there must have been nearly a hundred Israelites assembled to witness our departure. Many were the salutations as we passed; most of them appeared to me to be of a friendly nature; but, here and there, a scowl of anger and disappointment was seen: we were soon beyond the reach of either the well or ill-wishers. When nearly out of the straggling, dusty town of Radziwillow, the horses were suddenly reined in, and we stopped opposite a mean habitation, at the door of which stood a Jewess and two little children: the latter were handed up to my poor *fuhrmann*, who embraced them with much tenderness, and then delivered them carefully into the arms of their mother. I thought I saw a tear fall as he raised his head, after bending him down to salute his wife, whose eyes overflowed as she bade him adieu. There was no parade—no acting. The marks of mutual affection were unequivocal. We galloped off again. I looked through the glass at the back of the carriage, and perceived the poor woman and her children gazing after us, until a turn in the road took us out of sight. The weather was very fine, and we travelled till midnight, when we stopped at a small dwelling at the entrance of a village called Katerimbourog. This I found was to be our resting-place for the remainder of the night; the spot was as silent as the grave. After knocking and calling for some time, a voice answered from within. A short colloquy having passed between my *fuhrmann* and the inmate, the door was opened, and I was shown into a most miserable room, totally destitute of furniture. I thought I had seen misery enough; but, alas! it was my doom to witness a good deal more. The being who inhabited this den was a Jew of the most forbidding aspect; he was of middle stature, and was clothed in a black cassock, fitting close to his lean carcase—so lean, that (as a friend of mine was wont to say of a slim gentleman of our acquaintance) he would require stuffing to be a correct representation of the Apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet." His complexion was deadly pale, his eyes black as jet, and constantly in motion; his hair and beard were matted and neglected. He spoke but seldom, and moved about with noiseless step, occasionally leaning against the wall, and eyeing me from top to toe. I felt fatigued, and ordered my bed; the creature vanished, but soon reappeared, carrying a quantity of hay, which he threw down in a corner of the room, shaking it up afterwards, as though a litter were preparing for a horse. I had the cushions of my carriage arranged for a pillow; and, having primed my pistols, and obtained a candle to burn until morning, I wrapped my cloak around me, and was left "alone with my glory." Alone! did I say? This is a mistake, for I had company of the most *piquant* description: myriads of

fleas hopped about my devoted frame, punctured my skin, sucked my blood, tickled my nose, and banished sleep from my eyes. I hailed the dawn joyfully, and rushing into the open air, ran to a distance from the hovel, with my enemies on my back, shook them off with disdain, and then hastened out of their reach. Nothing could tempt me to re-enter my *bed-room*. After some difficulty I obtained a little milk, for which slight refection, and my night's lodging, my impassible host charged me exorbitantly.

We travelled thirty *werstes* (equal to about seventeen English miles) and halted at a village called Jampol. As the Jewish inns are almost all alike, I may as well describe that of Jampol. It consisted of a large shed or barn, having a gate at each end, so that you drive in at one entrance, and out at the other; this shed is appropriated to the reception of horses, carriages, cattle, and live-stock of all descriptions. At the moment we entered, it was occupied by a flock of sheep, and we had hard work to pass through them. On one side, close to the entrance, were two or three wretched rooms, covered with filth, and swarming with vermin.

At sunset we arrived at what is called the town of Alt-Konstantinon, and, to my great mortification, it was intimated to me that there I must remain for twenty-four hours. It was Friday evening,—the Sabbath had commenced, and nothing could induce my *fuhrmann* to move on that sacred day. I was much annoyed, and regretted exceedingly that I had not decided on travelling by the Russian post.

Perhaps it was not right to attempt to prevail on the man to break through the laws of his religion for filthy lucre. I confess that I made use of golden arguments; but, to his honour be it spoken, they did not weigh with him. I proposed to drive the horses myself, and that the conscientious *fuhrmann* should occupy my place in the carriage, making it his tabernacle; but he was not to be tempted. Yielding, then, with a good grace, I took possession of a chamber on one side of the shed; the apartment opposite (for this was a large inn, and there were rooms on each side of the gateway,) being occupied by a Polish family of rank, who had arrived a short time before me, with their carriages and servants. This detention at Alt-Konstantinon gave me an opportunity of seeing the habits of great Polish people on their journeys. I certainly felt surprised that persons of distinction and immense fortune could make up their minds to pass nights and days in these wretched places called inns, rather than, by ameliorating the condition of others, ensure at the same time their own comforts. Such, however, is the case;—a noble, wealthy family, residing within a few miles of the spot, passed the night, and a portion of the following day, in this most disgusting habitation. The heat was intense, the odours most offensive, and immediately underneath the open windows was a pool of muddy water, in which paddled and quacked a dozen of half-starved ducks.

In the course of the evening I went to the synagogue, which was held in a cottage larger than the rest. At night, lighted candles were placed in the windows of most of the huts;—the candlesticks were of brass, and very high. The effect of this illumination was not unpicturesque.

On my return to my cabin, I observed that several bundles of hay were being carried into the rooms occupied by my opposite neighbours. Seizing a favourable opportunity, I obtained some for myself, and, dropping down into my lonesome corner, slept as well as could be expected. Next morning it became necessary to keep a sharp look-out for a breakfast. I had brought from Brody some small loaves, which had been pretty well toasted in the sword-case of my carriage—indeed they were as hard as flints. The Jews would not boil an egg for me, nor lend me a pipkin in which to cook one for myself. However, after divers strict researches, and waiting a long time, three cups of coffee were brought me from a *cabaret* kept by a Christian. I had to pay about three shillings for this refreshment. I was much at a loss how to kill time during this long sabbath. The party which occupied the other side of the inn consisted chiefly of ladies,—viz. the mother and three or four grown-up daughters. The latter were dressed in the Parisian style, and it was curious enough to see them, on the Saturday morning, turning out (to use a sailor's expression, and I beg the ladies' pardon for so doing,) of their comfortless chambers, attired as fashionably as though they had just left an elegant dressing-room. Numbers of gloomy Jews and Jewesses were loitering about under the shed and at the open gateway; but, as the rising sun dispels the vapours of the morning, so, wherever these charming Polish ladies bent their steps, the group of black cassocks moved away, like a smoky cloud, to form

\* The paper rouble is equal to tenpence English, or one franc of France.

again and again in some unoccupied corner; from whence they were not unfrequently dislodged by the noble family's Christian servants, who, though abject in their demeanour towards their lords and masters, were insolent to those whom they considered as being a step below themselves in the scale of existence.

We started at daylight on Sunday morning, and about eleven p.m. we reached a village. The inhabitants of the dwelling to which we drove had retired to rest; but, upon the cabalistical summons—the "Open Sesame" of the *fuhrmann*—the gate slowly turned on its hinges, and we were welcomed by a member of the family, habited in an undress, consisting of a close jacket and drawers, which I presume had once been white. The carriage was conducted across the damp litter, to the other extremity of this *ménagerie*, where several persons were reposing. Amongst them was a dirty old Jew, reclining on a most foul mattress. I alighted, in the hope of finding a corner where I could stretch out my cramped limbs; but all the rooms were occupied. The patriarch rose from his bed, and offered it to me; but I could not think of depriving him of it, nor of running the risk of being punished for availing myself of this self-denying offer—this warm reception, by becoming infected with the *plaga Polonica*, or other disease.

After taking a crust of bread and a glass of wine, by way of supper, I arranged myself *pour le mieux*, in my *calèche*. The large barn was lighted by a solitary lantern, which shed a feeble ray on the old man's face and venerable grey beard, as he slumbered at a few yards' distance. Ever and anon a figure moved about, like an unquiet spirit. Near at hand the horses were champing their corn, and the monotonous sounds caused by that operation was responded to by the less agreeable ones of divers snoring sleepers of the human species. These romantic strains soon produced a soporific effect on me. I must have been asleep some time, when I was awakened by the effect of a strong light shining upon me. Starting up, I discovered the *fuhrmann* standing on the step of the carriage, with a candle in his hand; which, from his sudden backward movement, it seemed to me that he had been holding before my closed eyes. I asked, what he was there for? what he wanted? He looked very confused, and answered, "Nothing—*nichts*, mein Herr." I bade him get down, made him light the lamps of the *calèche*, and took care to examine the priming of my pistols, in order to show those who might be observing me from the *chiaroscuro* of the back-ground that I was upon my guard. I then dismissed him, with an injunction not to intrude a second time on my slumbers in that way. The remainder of the night passed off quietly. Perhaps the man only came to look for something; but at the time, and under all the circumstances, appearances were against him, and certainly the place he had brought me to might well be compared to a robber's retreat.

At daybreak we left this dismal abode, and when at a short distance, I made my conductor draw up, and told him, very decidedly, that I was quite sure there must be better accommodation on the road than he had hitherto procured for me, and that I should insist on his not taking me to any other such lodgings as we had just quitted. He was very humble, assured me that we should halt at noon at an excellent inn, where I should be grandly entertained, and lodged in a fine chamber. Without placing implicit faith in these brilliant promises, I still suffered myself to be buoyed up with the hope of something better; and, on arriving at the town of Krasna, I repeated my injunction with much emphasis, adding, that I would cheerfully pay for decent entertainment, but would not be taxed for filth. My remonstrance succeeded,—that is, not until after refusing to alight at two or three vile huts. At last, however, we stopped at a house, the inmates of which (Jews, of course), appeared less dirty than those I had hitherto seen: the *fuhrmann* put up his horses elsewhere; for this was not exactly an inn.

Being satisfied with my fare, I begged my hostess to give me the name of a good landlord at Tulczyn, and she recommended one Mosie Lebb. I tasted an agreeable beverage here called *honig*, a sort of mead; and they actually offered me some tokay!—*Hongrisch wein*, Tokay, as they pronounce it. However, as the high price demanded was the only voucher they could give of the genuineness of the vintage, I declined the tempting proposal. The horses were not brought so soon as I could have wished, and I suspected the *fuhrmann* of an intention of again lodging me for the night in some miserable hotel.

Tulczyn (pronounced Tulcheen) being the head-quarters of the Russian army in the Ukraine, Bessarabia, &c., it was probable that tolerable accommodation might be had there; and, by dint of

great perseverance on my part, we arrived at nightfall, to the evident chagrin of my worthy coachman.

As we entered, a violent hail-storm came on: it is no exaggeration to say that the hail-stones were as big as bantam's eggs. Tulczyn is a large, straggling, dirty place. The population consists principally of Jews, excepting the troops of the garrison. I gave orders to be driven to Mosie Lebb's.

"Do you know where he lives?" said I. "Ya, ya," replied the *fuhrmann*, and at the same moment was going to turn into a petty shed, not far advanced into the town.

"Is this Mosie Lebb's?" "Ya," bawled a dozen voices all at once, and the bridles of the horses were seized, to accelerate the lodgment. The place not answering in any respect the description, I insisted on proceeding further, calling out for Mosie Lebb, and being assured by many an individual, who invited me into his sweet dwelling, that he was the identical Mosie. The *fuhrmann* evidently favoured the cheat; he evaded my inquiries, and made numerous attempts to get me to halt at an inferior house.

Tired of this farce, and my English blood having become heated by the attempts of the confederates to get me into their clutches, I started forwards, took the whip from the *fuhrmann's* hands, whirled it in a menacing way over the heads of my assailants, and then, catching up the reins, I made the horses spring forward, whilst I roared as loudly as possible in the *fuhrmann's* ear, "Mosie Lebb—Mosie Lebb;" the hailstones clattering about my head all the while, as though my discomfited enemies were pelting me for my obstinacy.

We soon came to a wide part of the town; and seeing some officers in a balcony, and a soldier or two standing about the gateway of a house, I thought this might, perhaps, be the goal of my wishes. Drawing up, therefore, I uttered my "Mosie Lebb" in a softer tone, and found that I was actually in front of his hostelry. Soon he welcomed me, and I was ushered into a room on the ground-floor, containing plain but useful furniture. Around the chamber were divans, covered with dark-coloured printed calico; one of these was destined for my bed.

The inn was quite full, but the larder empty. An emissary was sent to the Christian *traectee*, as they called him, to see if a supper could be had. (I presume *traectee* to be a corruption of the French word *traiteur*.) A something was at length procured: I was nearly famished, and soon discussed the savoury morsel, along with a bottle of excellent *vin de Grave*.

Fancy me, then, reclining on my divan, after the toils of the day; all angry feelings washed away by the generous wine of France,—congratulating myself on the progress I had made, the difficulties I had surmounted, and looking forward to the termination of my arduous journey in three or four days. Mosie Lebb sat an hour with me in the course of the evening. His conversation was intelligent and interesting: he is a fine old man, has a very animated countenance, a magnificent grey beard, and bright black eyes. He was perfectly cleanly in his person, and wore a black robe made of a superior stuff.

I was obliged to get my passport *visé* at Tulczyn, and to pay a fee, of course. There is a theatre at this place, but I was too fatigued to wish to visit it.

The Jewish population seemed to decrease as we approached the *steppes*: the Tartar-faced peasantry were now more numerous. Nothing can be more desolate than the appearance of these *steppes*—not a tree nor a shrub was to be seen; clouds of dust obscured the air, and the only indications of a vicinity to the haunts of men were some herds of oxen that were occasionally seen feeding on the short parched grass: these oxen were large, and almost invariably of a dun colour; so that, as there was no regular road nor fence, we frequently came upon them suddenly—for the grass, the dust, and the cattle, were all of one colour.

The undulatory hills called *steppes*, when a lull of wind allowed the eye to roam over them, recalled to my remembrance the long, smooth, swell of the ocean, in a calm after a violent gale; whilst a large waggon, covered with canvass, looming in the distance, might without any great stretch of the imagination, be compared to a vessel on the verge of the horizon spreading every sail to catch an air of wind (as sailors say) in order to keep the ship from rolling over.

At Balta we halted for the night at the house of a Jew, who was recommended to me by the venerable Mosie Lebb. An attempt was made to play me a trick, and to take me to an inferior lodging—but a few demonstrations *à la Tulczyn* settled the matter.

On stepping out of my chamber in the course of the evening, I had the misfortune to disturb the repose of divers Israelites—old

and young—male and female—who were huddled together near the threshold. I stumbled over a Shylock, struck my thick skull against the delicate form of a sleeping fair one, and in the rebound, knocked against several younglings, who evinced, by discordant squeaks, their fright and indignation. I begged pardon for this unintentional intrusion, and returned to my divan, firmly resolved to remain there till day-light.

On the last day of my journey I was on the alert before the dawn; being determined to strain every nerve to reach Odessa by evening. The heat was scorching, and the dust blinded and choked us as we scudded along. I looked out anxiously for the Euxine, but the obstacles to vision were impenetrable. At noon we stopped at a little inn, at the door of which was a *calèche* :—this was a good sign.

I was shown into a room where two persons, one a man of thirty, the other a lad of about fifteen, were regaling themselves on a savoury pie, contained in a brown dish: they were not over nice in their manner of eating, for the fingers were more in use than knives and forks. The carriage at the door belonged to these gentlemen, who were *Seigneurs Polonais*: we entered into conversation in French, and I learned that they had left Odessa early in the morning; they told me that there were two tolerable hotels at Odessa, viz. the *Hôtel du Club*, and the *Hôtel du Nord*—they recommended the former.

I was delighted. "Hurra for Odessa!" said I, (giving the *fuhrmann* an extra sum for his refreshment) and, as soon as the horses were sufficiently rested, I took leave of my Polish acquaintances, and started.

We passed onwards, but still I saw no spires—no domes—no sea. Evening was approaching, and the wind and dust became almost insupportable.

On a sudden, we ascended a hill—the carriage stopped—voices were heard—a wooden barricade was perceptible through the cloud of dust—a building of rather mean appearance was close by—it was the gate of Odessa! The officers stationed at the barrier came out, and a sentinel approached; my passport was demanded, and taken to the *bureau*. A movement was made indicative of an intention to overhaul my baggage, which movement I conjured away by graciously presenting a silver *rouble* to the officer; something was said, in the Russian language, which I interpreted into the cheering words "All right;" the *fuhrmann* remounted his box, mutual salutations took place between the officers and myself, and I pronounced the word *Club*, in a tone and manner which intimated that the sooner I was conveyed to a place of rest the better I should be pleased.

This time no attempt was made to take me to the wrong house. We traversed several extremely wide streets, in which I did not observe so many persons as I should have expected; and at last, at seven P.M., on the 19th of August, we drove into the courtyard of the *Hôtel du Club*.

#### THE POOR MILLINER'S SHOP.

HAVE any of our readers ever been in the habit of looking on shops with a philosophic eye? Have they ever looked upon them otherwise than as common-place conveniences, where the wants of social life may be supplied? Or have they ever perceived that shops have a character about them, and that their outward appearance, and inner too, often express, if read aright, a vast deal that is not uninteresting to contemplate?

It is not, however, in the gayer and wealthier parts of the city that shops present any of those features or characteristics in which may be found the intelligence to which we allude. In these places wealth, or its semblance, has levelled all distinction, effaced all peculiarity of expression, and given to all one common outline, one general character, diversified only by the vagaries of taste.

It is not, then, amongst these that we are to look for those unsophisticated sort of shops in which character and circumstance are developed. These are to be found in the suburbs only, or in those dull and unfrequented streets, which either have been deserted by the tide of population, or through which it has not yet begun to flow, and where, consequently, rents are comparatively low.

The leading and distinguishing feature of the particular class of shops to which we would direct the attention of the reader, is a marked indication of straitened circumstances, not to say absolute poverty, on the part of their occupants. A poor, squalid, ill-stocked shop we have always thought one of the most piteous-looking things in the world,—one of the most melancholy forms in which the mighty struggle for a livelihood, in which we are all engaged, can possibly exhibit itself.

We do not know how it is with others, but we never pass one of these meagrely furnished and customerless shops, without a painful feeling of sympathy for their occupants. It possibly may be carrying sentimentalism a little too far, but we do think there is something eminently calculated to excite compassion, in the miserable efforts to attract the public attention and patronage which such shops as those we speak of exhibit. Something piteous in the extreme it is, we think, to mark the wretched attempts at display which they present; sometimes exhibiting itself in what is meant for a tempting array of the little stock which it contains, not worth, probably, ten shillings altogether; sometimes in an effort at tasteful decoration, intended at once to captivate the eye of the passer-by, and to hide or divert attention from the hollowness within. It is a miserable shift,—one of the most miserable, we think, by which the limited in means endeavour to make or eke out a livelihood.

But what wretched-looking shop is this? More wretched, more squalid yet, than any of the wretched and squalid shops in its dull and lifeless neighbourhood; the poorest of the poor; showing that in the lowest depth there is a lower still. Ay, that, good reader, is the shop, the specimen of that particular class to which it was our purpose especially to direct your attention when we began this article, and to which we meant it to be all but exclusively devoted. That is a milliner's shop, the shop of a poor milliner and dress-maker; the most piteous of all the piteous efforts in the shop way that can possibly be seen.

Let us contemplate it for a moment. In the first place, it is evident that the shop is such a one as hardly anybody would take: it is badly situated, in a poor, dull, and little frequented neighbourhood; is much out of repair, and exhibits, altogether, the appearance of having been unlet for years. Everything about it gives token of this: it has a damp smell within, and the paint with which it was at one time freshened up is dirty and faded, both outside and in. For years no tenant could be found for the shop; its forbidding aspect and unpromising situation repelled all seekers. At length, however, it was taken. The lowness of the rent induced a poor girl to try her humble fortunes in it as a dress-maker, and it is by her it is now occupied. It is a most piteous exhibition.

One solitary candle (for she cannot afford to pay for gas) burns in a tin candlestick on the counter, and feebly lights the dingy, poverty-stricken shop. On the naked and all but wholly unoccupied shelves stand two or three handboxes, placed widely apart, in order to make a show, but containing nothing; they are empty. On the counter are also two little wooden pillars, or stands, on which are mounted two caps of neat workmanship, but of humble character. In the window are scattered up and down a few balls of thread of various colours, some papers of pins and needles, a few bolts of tape, two or three feeble-looking faded gum-flowers, and a small assortment of the cheapest description of female head-gear; and this comprises the whole stock in trade, and, in all probability, the whole worldly wealth of the poor girl who calls herself mistress of the shop.

Behind the counter, and so situated as to be unseen by the casual passer-by, is seated the poor milliner,—a modest, trimly



dressed, and pleasant-looking girl; she is employed in sewing. She is constantly sewing, but she works listlessly; for her hopes from the shop, from her little adventure in business, have not been realised, and the disappointment has crushed her spirits. It has paralysed her energies, and damped the ardour of her exertions.

Is it any wonder it should? Think of the dreary, the weary days she spends in that miserable shop, still hoping for custom, and no custom coming; sitting from morning to night, and no soul entering the door, not even to ask the prices of her little merchandise. Conceive the heart-sickening hopelessness with which she opens that shop in the morning, and the soul-withering despondency with which she shuts it at night; for she has not drawn during the day one single penny, and has no hope that to-morrow will bring her better fortune.

No, poor girl! it is not to your miserable repository that they will go who want such articles as you deal in. That custom, of which the smallest share would make you happy, cheerful, and comfortable, is reserved for the Mantalinis of your profession,—for the gay and splendid establishments of the *marchandes de modes*. They will not deign even to look, in passing, at your miserable shop; or if they do, it is but to sneer or laugh at your humble pretensions to the character and calling you profess.

What a wretched life must yours be!—what a life of that deferred hope which maketh the heart sick! It is to be traced in your sad look; it is to be marked in the slow and languid way in which you raise your head when a more than usually audible foot-step is heard at your door. You look up, indeed, but it is at once seen that you have no hope of its being a customer; for a long and dismal experience has taught you that none will come to you to order or to buy. You have long since learnt that from your shop you have nothing to expect.

Yet, when the poor girl took that shop,—when she had fairly entered into possession, and had procured her name and calling to be painted on the wall close by the door, (for she could not pay for a sign-board, nor for gilded letters,)—her hopes were high, and a feeling of independence came over her that rendered her cheerful and happy. She had no doubt that her shop, added to her own industry, would yield her a comfortable living. Vain hopes! delusive prospects!

The city reader will, we think, at once recognize the description of shop we speak of, and will, in all probability, know of one or two such in his own neighbourhood,—at any rate, in some other quarter of the town. He will have marked them before, and will, we have no doubt, have contemplated them in the same spirit in which we have attempted to describe them. If not, he will probably do so henceforth, now that his attention is called to them.

#### INFLUENCE OF VIRTUOUS HABITS.

PERSONS lightly dipped, not grained in generous honesty, are but pale in goodness, and faint-hued in sincerity; but be thou what thou virtuously art, and let not the ocean wash away thy tincture. Stand magnetically upon the axis where prudent simplicity hath fixed thee, and at no temptation invert the poles of thy honesty: and that vice may be uneasy, and even monstrous unto thee, let iterated acts and long-confirmed habits make virtue natural, or a second nature in thee. And since few or none prove eminently virtuous but from some advantageous foundations in their temper and natural inclinations, study thyself betimes, and early find what nature bids thee to be, or tell thee what thou may'st be. They who thus timely descend into themselves, cultivating the good seeds which nature hath set in them, and improving their prevalent inclinations to perfection, become not shrubs, but cedars in their generation; and to be in the form of the best of the bad, or the worst of the good, will be no satisfaction unto them.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

#### HYDROPHOBIA.

HYDROPHOBIA is one of the most dreadful diseases to which the human frame is subject; to intense bodily agony, mental anguish is superadded, and the unhappy sufferer finds himself irresistibly forced to act in opposition to the most determined exertion of his will. The power of volition is taken from him, and he furiously attacks the by-standers, at the same time warning them against himself. One moment he cries for the soothing hand of friendship to alleviate his sufferings, but in the next is obliged to reject it lest he should tear it in his fury. We will not pursue the frightful description. It is sufficient that it is one of the most dreadful scourges of mankind, and one which has hitherto baffled the physician. Numberless remedies have been proposed, but none have been attended with certain success. The researches of modern science have led to the conclusion that the nerves are the seat of the disease, and that the suspension of their action, if only for a very brief space, would in all probability put an end to it. The difficulty lies in discovering the means by which this end may be compassed without the extinction of life. Dipping in the sea was formerly considered a specific, and although the practice has fallen into disrepute, there is great reason for believing, especially if the modern theory be correct, that dipping, when properly performed, that is, when the patient is really drowned, animation being suspended and afterwards recovered by the ordinary means, that the remedy may be efficacious. The process is however so fearful that it is no wonder that it has only been carried to the necessary extent in comparatively few cases. A remarkable instance has recently been communicated to us in which two boys were bitten at the same time, by the same animal; one was dipped to such an extent that when taken out he was quite insensible. He never felt any symptoms of hydrophobia, but his companion fell a sacrifice to it within a very short period. We do not relate this story with confidence as an illustration of the efficacy of dipping, for we have not had an opportunity of making minute inquiries concerning the particulars of the case. Our informant was not certain which of the boys was first bitten, a circumstance which is of importance, inasmuch as it is possible that the virus was all expended in the wound first given, but we mention the fact, as the practice of dipping appears to us to deserve further inquiry.

About two months back, a case of hydrophobia occurred at Nottingham, which was very generally noticed in the newspapers. In this case it was determined to try the effect of the Wourali poison, and Mr. Waterton, the gentleman who brought it from Guiana some years ago, and made its name familiar to the public by his experiments upon animals,\* was sent for, but unfortunately the patient died before he arrived. This poison is very deadly, and is used by the Indians in the pursuit of game. It destroys life by paralysing the nerves, and thus putting a stop to the animal functions, but does not render the creatures destroyed by it unfit for food. The peculiar action of this poison suggested the idea that it might be used with success in cases of hydrophobia, that the nerves might be paralysed and the disease destroyed, whilst life might be preserved by producing artificial respiration until the poison ceased to operate. Mr. Waterton repeated his experiments on animals at Nottingham, and clearly demonstrated the possibility of preserving life during the action of the poison. The lungs were kept inflated by means of a tube inserted in the trachea, and the animal (an ass) eventually recovered perfectly.

We have been led to notice the subject of hydrophobia by meeting with the account of a remedy practised in Mexico, which we transcribe below. The mode of cure appears to be founded precisely on the same principle as dipping, and the use of the Wourali poison; and as the recipe for preparation is given, it seems very well worth while to make experiments upon it, and hence we have been induced to take this opportunity of drawing attention to a subject of such deep and universal interest.

We quote from "Travels in the Interior of Mexico," by Lieut. R. W. H. Hardy, R.N., a gentleman who visited Mexico on a mission connected with the Pearl and Coral Fisheries on the coasts of California in the year.

"From Don Victores I learned a cure for the hydrophobia, which, in three cases, he had seen administered in the last paroxysms of that dreadful complaint. He told me that he had known several die who had not taken it, but of those to whom it was administered, not one. He is so honest a man, and has a general character for such strict veracity, that I entertain no doubt of his having witnessed what he related. One of the patients was

\* See "The Ass Wourali," in No. XIV. of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

ties up to a post with strong cords, and a priest was administering the last offices of religion. At the approach of a paroxysm, the unfortunate sufferer, with infuriated looks, desired the priest to get out of the way, for that he felt a desire to bite everybody he could catch hold of. An old woman who was present, said she would undertake his cure; and although there were none who believed it possible that she could effect it, yet the hope that she might do so, and the certainty of the patient's death if nothing were attempted, bore down all opposition, and her services were accepted. She poured a powder into half a glass of water, mixed it well, and in the intervals between the paroxysms she forced the mixture down his throat. The effects were exactly such as she had predicted; namely, that he would lose all power over his bodily and mental faculties, and that a death-like stupor would prevail, without any symptoms of animation, for either twenty-four or forty-eight hours, according to the strength of his constitution; that at the end of this period, the effects of the mixture would arouse the patient, and his violent operation, as emetic and cathartic, would last about ten or fifteen minutes, after which he would be able to get upon his legs, and would feel nothing but the debility which had been produced by the combined effects of the disease and the medicine. She mentioned also that the fluid to be discharged from the stomach would be as black as charcoal, and offensive to the smell.

"All this literally took place at the end of about twenty-six hours; and the patient was liberated from one of the most horrible and affecting deaths to which mortality is subject. She had her own way of accounting for the effects of this disease. She termed it a local complaint attacking the mouth, which by degrees it irritates and inflames; this ripens the virus, which is conveyed to the brain by means of the nerves, and is received also into the stomach with the saliva. The poison, thus matured in the mouth and at the root of the tongue, converts the whole of the fluids of the stomach into a poisonous bile, which, if it be not quickly removed, communicates with the blood and shortly destroys life. Of this reasoning I shall say nothing. It is sufficient that the result is attainable, be the '*modus operandi*,' as the doctors call it, what it may. And I think it my duty simply to make the narration, that should it chance to attract the notice of some truly scientific physician, who would wish to investigate the remedy, philosophically and without prejudice, society might then hope to receive, what it has long despaired of, namely, a safe antidote for the hydrophobia.

"Although a knowledge of this extraordinary recipe would be so beneficial in a country like Sonora, where not only dogs, but wolves, foxes, lions, tigers, cats, and other animals, are so frequently attacked by it, yet there was but one of the numerous spectators who manifested, at the time, any curiosity to possess it. This person was Don Victores Aguilar, a man whom I esteem not less for the qualities of his heart, than for the attentions I received from him in a long illness, under his hospitable roof. During that period, he communicated to me this medicine, the extraordinary effects of which, he had himself, upon two occasions, proved by actual experiment. I know not, however, whether the complaint in Europe be precisely the same as that in Sonora; but if it be, then the cure cannot be considered altogether so hopeless as it has hitherto been. I should like to see the experiment tried, under the direction of some experienced medical man; for, although it might not succeed here, it is at least worth the trial.

"The herb used is, I believe, hellebore. It is called in Spanish *sevadilla*, and I think its botanical name is *veratrum sebadilla*. There is also another herb, called *amóle*, which has been found to be equally efficacious, the botanical name of which I do not know, which is used for the cure of hydrophobia, in the neighbourhood of Amoles, a town on the Rio de Buena Vista. These remedies, from all I have been able to learn, never fail of effecting a cure of that dreadful malady. But it is surprising that the knowledge of this recipe, even in Sonora, should be by no means general.

"The following is a translation of the receipt, written at my express request, by Don Victores Aguilar.

*'Method of curing Hydrophobia.'*

"The person under the influence of this disease must be well secured, that he may do no mischief either to himself or others.

"Soak a rennet in a little more than half a tumbler of water (for about five minutes). When this has been done, add of pulverized *sevadilla* as much as may be taken up by the thumb and three fingers. Mix it thoroughly, and give it to the patient (that is, force it down his throat in an interval between the paroxysms).

The patient is then to be put into the sun if possible, (or placed near a fire,) and well warmed. If the first dose tranquillize him, after a short interval, no more is to be given; but if he continue furious, another dose must be administered, which will infallibly quiet him. A profound sleep will succeed, which will last twenty-four or forty-eight hours, (according to the strength of the patient's constitution,) at the end of which time, he will be attacked with severe purging and vomiting, which will continue till the poison be entirely ejected. He will then be restored to his senses, will ask for food, and be perfectly cured.'

"There is an Indian living in Tubutama, who is known to have an antidote to the poison, injected into the wound occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, &c.; and it is therefore superior to the *sevadilla*, which will only cure the disease when it has been formed. Two thousand dollars have been offered to him to disclose the secret, but he has constantly refused to accede to the terms. His charge is ten dollars for each patient, and he makes a comfortable livelihood by his practice. I made diligent inquiries while I remained in Sonora, whether there were any instance known of the Indian's antidote having failed, but I could hear of no one case where it had been unsuccessful."

THE LONDON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S  
GARDENS AT CHISWICK.

THE London Horticultural Society has been established about eighteen years, and its gardens at Chiswick were intended both as a place of experimental research in horticultural science, and as a station whence the most valuable, useful, and ornamental plants of all kinds might be distributed through the country. The gardens extend over about thirty-three acres of ground, and are arranged into an Arboretum, rich in ornamental trees and shrubs; an Orchard, containing a very extensive collection of fruit-trees; some forcing-houses, chiefly employed in the determination of the quality of different kinds of grapes; a kitchen garden, in which trials are made of new vegetables, or of new methods of cultivation, and where young gardeners receive practical training and instruction; and, lastly, some hot-houses and green-houses filled with rare plants. The gardens are considered to be a kind of normal school for young men intended as gardeners, who pass an examination in the principles of their business before they are recommended to places. It was originally intended to erect a magnificent range of hot-houses, but the funds of the society having been mismanaged, their operations were crippled for a time. "No association of individuals," says Dr. Lindley, the secretary of the society, "ever produced so marked an effect upon gardening in a few years as has been brought about by the distribution of cuttings of improved fruit-trees, of the finest kinds of vegetable-seeds, and of new plants, mostly imported direct from the British colonies and from the west coast of America, made annually from the society's gardens, independently of the collections sent in return to all parts of the world."

Perhaps there are few things more exhilarating to the eye and mind than a visit to a fine garden, where, while the luxuriance and beauty of the leaves and flowers impress the mind with the most agreeable ideas of nature, there is enough of art and arrangement to give us a pleasing impression also of the skill of man. The Horticultural Society's Garden unites these advantages to a considerable extent; for, while the trees have been planted a sufficient length of time to take off the raw and unfinished look of a young plantation, the long and broad gravel-walk, and smooth green turf on each side, afford an ample evidence of the hand of man. In May, this garden is in its highest beauty, from the tender green of the young leaves and the brilliant hues of the opening flowers.

One of the first things likely to attract the attention of a stranger, on entering the gardens, is a beautiful bright blue flower in the beds. This little flower, the blue of which is brighter than the most brilliant ultramarine, is called *Nemophila insignis*, or the showy lover of the woods; for this is the literal signification of its botanic name. It was one of the flowers sent from California by Douglas, who was, some time afterwards, unfortunately killed in the Sandwich islands, by falling into a pit-trap, in which was already a wild bull. The Californian annuals are all very beautiful, and all quite hardy. Their seeds may be sown in any soil, and at almost any season; and, indeed, experienced gardeners sow their seeds at five or six different periods, to produce a succession of flowers during the whole summer, and nearly during the whole year.

The next thing likely to attract the attention of a stranger is

the number of little matted huts distributed over the lawn. They are very neatly constructed, consisting of bass mats fastened over a framework of rods, and with a curious little door in the side, to admit the air when necessary. On examining these little huts, each will be found to enclose a pine-tree; for, on the right-hand of the gravel-walk on entering the gardens are the society's most rare and valuable pines and firs. The common observer, who is no botanist, can have no idea of the endless variety and beauty of the plants belonging to the pine and fir tribe. He may have, indeed, some vague ideas of the spruce and silver firs, and the Scotch pine and pineaster; but he will be surprised to find that there are above two hundred different kinds of the pine and fir tribe grown in English shrubberies.

One of the most remarkable of these plants in the Horticultural Society's Gardens will be found under the shelter of one of the bass-mat huts. It is called *Araucaria imbricata*, or the Chili pine. This tree is a native of the Andes, and in its native country it grows about 150 feet high. The branches are unlike those of any other tree; they are long, slender, and thickly covered with leaves, which are quite as unlike other leaves as the branches are unlike other branches. These branches, or rather horizontal arms, in the young trees, might seem, to a fanciful imagination, snakes partly coiled round the trunk, and stretching out their long slender bodies in quest of prey. The tree itself forms a kind of pyramid, the whorls of branches getting narrower and narrower towards the top. The roots, in the native country of the tree, Poeppig tells us, "lie spread over the stony and nearly naked soil, like gigantic serpents." The bark is thick and corky, and the scale-like leaves, which are so hard and sharply pointed as to wound the fingers, if incautiously handled, are of such a woody texture as to require a strong and sharp knife to sever them from the branch. The fruit, or cone, is as large as a man's head; and the seeds, which are about twice as large as an almond, constitute a favourite food of the Indians. Poeppig wished to get one of these cones, but was almost despairing of doing so, when a young Indian, throwing his lasso over one of the lower branches, swung himself high enough up this colossal tree to gather the cone. When Poeppig passed the same way again, towards the end of March, he saw the ground covered with the ripe, fallen cones, and some little parrots, and a species of cross-bill, hard at work, breaking the stones of the seeds, and picking out the kernels. The Indians use these kernels exactly as the inhabitants of the south of Europe do chestnuts; and the only flour they have is made from them.

Another kind of pine protected during winter is the *Pinus Llaveana*. This very elegant tree is a native of Mexico, and has not been long in this country. Its mode of growth is very elegant; its branches are produced in regular whorls, like those of the cedar of Lebanon; but they are light and graceful, and gently drooping at the extremity. The leading shoot looks like a tuft of feathers. The cones are very small, consisting of not more than a dozen scales; and the seeds are eatable.

Two magnificent Californian pines, with very long leaves (like the pineaster), and the beautiful Indian cedar, the *Deodor*, stand also on this lawn; and the last has been found to bear the cold as well, or better, than the common cedar of Lebanon.

Beyond this lawn is what Mr. Loudon, in his *Arboretum Britannicum*, calls a conservative wall; against which are some of the choicest plants in the gardens. The most beautiful of these—though perhaps the least rare—is the *Wistaria consequana*, marked in the garden by its old name of *Glycine sinensis*. This beautiful tree has flowers which resemble those of the laburnum, except in colour (which is a delicate lilac), and fragrance. The plants along this wall would take a day to examine thoroughly. Among them are the *Chimonanthus fragrans*, or winter-flower, which produces its delightfully fragrant blossoms about Christmas; and *Duvaua ovata*, which is remarkable for the singular elasticity of its leaves, which, when laid on water, jump and spring about in a most remarkable manner. It must be observed, before leaving this wall, that the names are strangely confused, many of the plants not having the right names affixed to them.

Passing hastily through the shrubbery dividing the conservative wall from the council-room, the visitor generally next visits the hothouses, and here he will find abundant matter to gratify his curiosity. In the pits are several very fine specimens of *Camellia*, the most beautiful of which is *Camellia reticulata*, with pale red flowers, as large as those of a peony, but much more beautiful. In another pit is *Ixia patens* var. *rosea*, with flowers of the richest carmine.

In the largest hothouse, one of the most interesting plants is the

sugar-cane. This plant stands near the back wall, and resembles a kind of gigantic grass. There is also the cochineal plant, or Nopal tree of Mexico, which is a kind of *Opuntia*. On this plant the cochineal insect lives, wrapped up in its woolly covering, and looking very much like what is called the woolly bug, or the American blight on apple-trees. Another kind of *Opuntia*, which bears an eatable fruit, and is called the prickly-pear, is common in Spain and Portugal, and is a favourite fruit in those countries. In September, when the fruit is ripe, it is by no means uncommon to see a number of women sitting in the market-places and streets, with their hands and arms fearfully swollen, from the pricks and scratches they have received from the spines of the *Opuntias*, while they were engaged in stripping off the fruit. There are many other interesting plants in this house, and among others the *Xylophyllum*, which produces its pretty neat little flowers round the margin of its leaves.

In the other houses, the Epiphytes and the Cacti deserve attention, though neither of them are equal to the collections of Messrs. Loddiges, Thomas Harris, Esq., at Kingsbury, the Duke of Bedford's at Woburn, and many others. Additional houses are, however, now being erected on a magnificent scale; so that, probably, the collection of hothouse plants will shortly be very greatly improved.

Leaving the plant-houses, the visitor generally proceeds to the forcing-houses, and thence to the immense collection of fruit-trees in the orchard, where the trees are trained in different methods, so as to produce the greatest quantity of fruit.

The Arboretum is the next point of attraction; and here the trees, arranged systematically, are placed at a distance from the road, while an immense number of the red-blossomed currant (*Ribes sanguineum*) and tree-lupines are planted in front. The arrangement even of the Arboretum trees is not, however, very satisfactory, as it only consists in putting those of the same genus together.

#### COMBATS OF ANIMALS.

THE buffalo, in the following account, seems a more dreadful antagonist than is generally supposed; and the absence of excitement in the rhinoceros before the struggle, and his instant repose after it, is a fine display of the calm consciousness of power. Upon another occasion I witnessed, at one of these sanguinary exhibitions, a contest between a buffalo and a tiger. The buffalo was extremely fierce, and one of the largest of its kind I had ever seen. It commenced the attack by rushing towards its adversary, which retreated to a corner of the arena, where, finding no escape, it sprang upon the buffalo's neck, fixing its claws in the animal's shoulder, and lacerating it in a frightful manner. It was, however, almost instantly flung upon the earth, with a violence that completely stunned it, when there appeared a ghastly wound in the belly, inflicted by its antagonist's horn, from which the bowels protruded. The conqueror now began to gore and trample upon its prostrate enemy, which it soon despatched, and then galloping round the enclosure, streaming with blood, the foam dropping from its jaws, its eyes glancing fire, occasionally stopping, pawing the ground, and roaring with maddened fury. A small rhinoceros was next introduced, which stood at the extremity of the arena, eyeing its foe with an oblique but animated glance, though without the slightest appearance of excitement. The buffalo, having described a circle from the centre of the ground, plunged forwards toward the rhinoceros, with its head to the earth, its eyes appearing as about to start from their sockets. Its wary antagonist turned to avoid the shock of this furious charge, and just grazed the flank of the buffalo with its horn, ploughing up the skin, but doing no serious mischief. It now champed and snorted like a wild hog, and its eyes began to twinkle with evident expressions of anger. The buffalo repeated the charge, one of its horns coming in contact with its adversary's shoulder, which, however, was protected by so thick a mail that this produced no visible impression. The rhinoceros, the moment it was struck, plunged its horn with wonderful activity and strength into the buffalo's hide, crushing the ribs and penetrating to the vitals; it then lifted the gored body from the ground, and flung it to the distance of several feet, where the mangled animal almost immediately breathed its last. The victor remained stationary, eyeing his motionless victim with a look of stern indifference; but the door of his den being opened, he trotted into it, and began munching some cakes which had been thrown to him as a reward for his conduct in so unequal a contest.—*Travels in the East.*



## THE BISHOP AND HIS BIRDS.

A WORTHY bishop, who died lately at Ratisbon, had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" This strange coat of arms had often excited attention, and many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was generally reported that the bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life. One day an intimate friend asked him its meaning, and the bishop replied by relating the following story:—

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and, almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He knew it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for? The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and, tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds, to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trowsers that reached only half-way down his naked legs. "You are a very singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you; as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees; "oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read."

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, patronised the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities, and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms."

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop, with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF."

## THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps,  
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,  
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?  
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given:  
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,  
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,  
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,  
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,  
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,  
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last,  
Shall it expire with life, and be no more!

A happier lot than mine, and larger light  
Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and rendered good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,  
Shrink and consume the heart as heat the scroll,  
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell  
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,  
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,  
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye—  
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same!

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,  
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—  
The wisdom that is love,—till I become  
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

W. C. Bryant.

## IS SPONGE A VEGETABLE OR AN ANIMAL?

THE sponge is allowed now to be a living being; but it long remained a question, whether it was a vegetable or an animal one. Its animality is now the belief of the best naturalists. It is described as fixed and torpid; of various forms, composed of network fibres, or of masses of small species interwoven together, and clothed with a gelatinous flesh, full of small mouths on its surface, by which it absorbs and rejects water. The officinalis species, or common sponge, is found in the Archipelago, the Mediterranean, and in the Indian Ocean, adhering to rocks by a broad base. It often is seen with some small stones, shells and particles of sand inclosed within its cells, and is sometimes pierced and gnawed by marine animals into irregular winding cavities; but it gives no indication of a sensitiveness greater than that of plants. The *Oculata* species, in the British Seas, is from five to ten inches high. One kind, on the rocks of Guinea, has a stem as thick as a finger, and branches as quills, surrounded with small obtuse shaggy tufts. Some are in the fresh-water; and one, in the ocean, is full of gelatinous flesh.

## COURTS OF JUSTICE AMONG THE CROWS.

Those extraordinary assemblies, which may be called crow-courts, are observed here (in the Feroe Islands) as well as in the Scotch isles; they collect in great numbers as if they had been all summoned for the occasion. A few of the flock sit with drooping heads; others seem as grave as if they were judges, and some are exceedingly active and noisy, like lawyers and witnesses: in the course of about half an hour the company generally disperse; and it is not uncommon, after they have flown away, to find one or two left dead on the spot.—*Landt's Description of the Feroe Islands.*

## PALEY.

This great man, whose mind was so remarkably expert, was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself, "and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times: I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside and say, 'Take care of thy money, lad.'"—*Meadeley's Memoirs of Dr. Paley.*

## YOUTHFUL SPIRIT.

Mr. Urquhart visited Alycea, a city which, he tells us, once possessed the "Labours of Hercules," by Lysippus, and "the walls" whereof "are in the best Hellenic style."

"The excitement which the arrival of Europeans everywhere produced, was here called forth in a most striking manner. They thronged round me, anxiously inquiring where the limits really were to be; and when I told them that they were without, they stood like men who had listened to a sentence of death. A fine, intelligent boy, certainly not more than ten years of age, and who for an hour had been leading me about the ruins, exclaimed, 'We never will allow the Turks to come here again!' 'Will you prevent them, my little man?' said I. With a look and attitude full of indignation, he replied, 'You may laugh, if you please, but the Turks will never take alive even a little child. I would shoot my sister,' pointing to a girl older than himself, 'sooner than that she should again be made a slave.'"—*Urquhart's Spirit of the East.*

## A GOOD COMPANION.

A companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon each other next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "tis the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast."—*Isaiah Walton.*

## DEER FORESTS OF SCOTLAND.

Many are still the deer-forests of Scotland, but they are not what they were. Once a whole forest was dedicated to the service of the chase alone. You might have travelled from Banffshire to Ben Nevis without deviating from the region possessed by the noble Huntly. Sutherland, throughout the whole of its extent, was one prodigious forest, and so it still is, although the introduction of sheep-farming has made it lose its old pre-eminence. We need not mention more: the time has been, and it is not yet far distant, when a herd of deer was to be found on every mountain north of the Tay, and the slaughter at each *tinchel* was as great as that of the dolorous hunt which caused the fight of Chevy Chase. Did we say north of the Tay? The time has been when a fairer forest than any in the rugged Highlands grew on the banks of Ettrick and of Yarrow, and "down by Teviotdale." That forest has been sung by many a bard, and, though now destroyed (all save a few old trees on the banks and scours of St. Mary's Lake, melancholy memorials of the rest), will flourish in memory as long as the Scottish minstrelsy is sung, and the deeds which it celebrates remembered with affection and with pride. Yes, the days have indeed altered since

"King James and a' his companie  
Rade down the Meggat glen;"

and the echoes of Loch Skene will never more be wakened by the baying of the hound and merry blast of the horn!—*Sporting Magazine.*

## VALOUR.

I love the man that is modestly valiant; that stirs not till he must needs, and then to purpose.—*O. Feltham.*

## FISHING CORMORANTS AND FIGHTING QUAILS IN CHINA.

The fishing cormorant, which is trained to dive and catch the unwary fish, proves very useful. To prevent it from swallowing its prey, an iron ring is put around its neck, so that it is obliged to deliver its quota to its owner. It is as well trained as the falcon in Europe, and seldom fails to return to its master, who rewards its fidelity by feeding it with the offals of the fish it has caught. On the coast, a great number of curlews are to be found. Quails, which are to be met with in great quantities in the north, are greatly valued by the Chinese, on account of their fighting qualities. They carry them about in a bag, which hangs from their girdle, treat them with great care, and blow occasionally a reed, to rouse their fierceness. When the bird is duly washed, which is done very carefully, they put him under a sieve with his antagonist, strew a little Barbadoes millet on the ground, so as to stimulate the envy of the two quails: they very soon commence a fight, and the owner of the victor wins the prize. Good fighting quails sell at an enormous price, and are much in request.—*Gutschlag's China.*

## CHINESE APHORISMS.

He who toils with pain will eat with pleasure. No duns outside, and no doctors within. Forbearance is a domestic jewel. Something is learned every time a book is opened. To stop the hand is the way to stop the mouth. Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.—*The Chinese, by J. F. Davis, Esq.*

## ORIGIN OF BUTTERFLIES.

When Jupiter and Juno's wedding was solemnised of old, the gods were all invited to the feast, and many noble men besides. Among the rest came Chrysalus, a Persian prince, bravely attended, rich in golden attires, in gay robes, with a majestical presence—but otherwise an ass. The gods, seeing him come in such pomp and state, rose up to give him place; but Jupiter, perceiving that he was a light, phantastick, idle fellow, turned him and his proud followers into butterflies: and so they continue still (for aught I know to the contrary), roving about in pied coats, and are called Chrysalides by the wiser sort of men; that is, golden outsiders, drones, flies, and things of no worth.—*Burton.*

## SOLITUDE.

He had need to be well underlaid that knows how to entertain the time and himself with his own thoughts. Company, variety of employments or recreations, may wear out the day with the emptiest hearts; but when a man hath no society but himself, no task to set himself upon but what arises from his own bosom, surely, if he have not a good stock of former notions, or an inward mind of new, he shall soon run out of all, and, as some forlorn bankrupt, grow weary of himself.—*Bishop Hall.*

## RECREATION.

Make thy recreation servant to thy business, lest thou become slave to thy recreation. When thou goest up into the mountain, leave this servant in the valley; when thou goest to the city, leave him in the suburbs; and remember, the servant must not be greater than the master.—*Quarles.*

## MARCH OF UMBRELLAS.

When umbrellas marched first into this quarter (Blairgowrie), they were sported only by the minister and the laird, and were looked upon by the common class of people as a perfect phenomenon. One day, Daniel M—n went to pay his rent to Colonel M'Pherson, at Blairgowrie House: when about to return, it came on a shower, and the colonel politely offered him the loan of an umbrella, which was politely and proudly accepted of; and Daniel, with his head two or three inches higher than usual, marched off. Not long after he had left, however, to the colonel's surprise, he again sees Daniel posting towards him with all possible haste, still o'ertopped by his cotton canopy (silk umbrellas were out of the question in those days), which he held out, saluting him with—"Hae, hae, Cornel! this'll never do; there's no a door in a' my house that'll tak' it in: my verra barn-door winna tak' it in!"—*Glasgow Constitution.*

## ADVERSITY.

The lessons of adversity are often the most benignant when they seem the most severe. The depression of vanity sometimes ennobles the feeling. The mind which does not wholly sink under misfortune rises above it more lofty than before, and is strengthened by affliction.—*Cheney.*

## POISONOUS BEADS.

Those beautiful red seeds with a black spot brought from India, which are sometimes worn as ornaments of dress, are said by the natives to be so dangerous, that the half of one of them is sufficiently poisonous to destroy a man. This account, however, seems to exceed probability; but that they have a very prejudicial quality I have no doubt; for within my own knowledge I have seen an extraordinary effect of the poison of one of these peas. A poor woman who had some of them given to her, and who did not choose to be at the expense of having them drilled to make a necklace, put the seeds into hot water till they were sufficiently soft to be perforated with a large needle. In performing this operation, she accidentally wounded her finger, which soon swelled and became very painful, the swelling extending to the whole hand; and it was a considerable time before she recovered the use of it. The botanical name of the plant that produces this pea is *Abrus precatorius*.—*Elements of the Science of Botany, as established by Linnaeus.*

## ECONOMY.

All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practise it with success.—*Rambler.*

## SECRETS OF COMFORT.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharp's Essays.*

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